The Forum

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THE MEASUREMENT OF CIVILIZATION

By HAVELOCK ELLIS

LIFE may be an art, but we cannot help seeking to measure, quantitatively, if not qualitatively, our mode of life. We do so, for the most part, instinctively rather than scientifically. It gratifies us to imagine that, as a race, we have reached a point further forward on the road of progress than it was vouchsafed to our benighted predecessors to attain, and that as individuals or as nations it is given to us, fortunately—or, rather, through our superior merits—to enjoy a finer degree of civilization than the individuals and the nations around us. This feeling has been common to most or all branches of the human race. In the classic world of antiquity they called outsiders, indiscriminately, "barbarians"—a denomination which took on an increasingly depreciative sense—and even the lowest savages sometimes call their own tribe by a word which means "men," thereby implying that all other peoples are not worthy of the name.

But in recent centuries there has been an attempt to be more precise, and to give definite values to the feelings within us. All sorts of dogmatic standards have been set up

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by which to measure the degree of a people's civilization. The development of demography and social statistics in civilized countries during the past century should, it has seemed, render this comparison easy. Yet the more carefully we look into the nature of these standards the more dubious they become. On the one hand civilization is so complex that no one test furnishes an adequate standard. On the other hand, the methods of statistics are so variable and uncertain, so apt to be influenced by circumstances, that it is never possible to be sure that one is operating with figures of equal weight.

Recently this has been well and elaborately shown by Professor Niceforo, the Italian sociologist and statistician.* It is to be remembered that Niceforo has himself been a most daring pioneer in the measurement of life. He has applied the statistical method not only to the natural and social sciences, but even to art, especially literature. When, therefore, he discusses the whole question of the validity of the measurement of civilization his conclusions deserve respect. They are the more worthy of consideration since his originality in the statistical field is balanced by his learning, and it is not easy to recall any scientific attempts in this field which he has failed to mention somewhere in his book, if only in a foot-note.

The difficulties begin at the outset, and might well serve to bar even the entrance to discussion. We want to measure the height to which we have been able to build our "civilization" towards the skies; we want to measure the progress we have made in our great dance of life towards the unknown future goal, and we have no idea what either "civilization" or "progress" means. This difficulty is so vast, for it involves the very essence of the matter, that it is better to place it aside, and simply to go ahead, for the present, without deciding precisely what the ultimate significance of the measurements we can make may prove to be. Quite sufficient other difficulties await us.

*Alfred Niceforo, *Les Indices Numeriques de la Civilisation et du Progres.*

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There is, first of all, the bewildering number of social phenomena we can now attempt to measure. Two centuries ago there were no comparable sets of figures whereby to measure one community against another community, though at the end of the eighteenth century Boisguillebert was already speaking of the possibility of constructing a "barometer of prosperity". Even the most elementary measurable fact of all, the numbering of peoples, was carried out so casually and imperfectly and indirectly, if at all, that its growth and extent could hardly be compared with profit in any two nations. As the life of a community increases in stability and orderliness and organization, registration incidentally grows elaborate, and thereby the possibility of the by-product of statistics. This aspect of social life began to become pronounced during the nineteenth century, and it was in the middle of the century that Quetelet appeared, by no means as the first to use social statistics, but the first great pioneer in the manipulation of such figures in a scientific manner, with a large and philosophical outlook on their real significance.* Since then the possible number of such means of numerical comparison has much increased. The difficulty now is to know which are the most truly indicative of real superiority.

But before we consider that, again even at the outset, there is another difficulty. Our apparently comparable figures are often not really comparable. Each country or province or town puts forth its own set of statistics and each set may be quite comparable within itself. But when we begin critically to compare one set with another set all sorts of fallacies appear. We have to allow, not only for varying accuracy and completeness, but for difference of method in collecting and registering the facts, and for all sorts of qualifying circumstances which may exist at one place or time, and not at other places or times with which we are seeking comparison.

The word "civilization" is of recent formation. It came

*Quetelet, *Physique Sociale*. 1869.

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from France, but even in France in a dictionary of 1727 it cannot be found, though the verb *civiliser* existed as far back as 1694, meaning to polish manners, to render sociable, to become urbane, one might say, as a result of becoming urban, of living as a citizen in cities. We have to recognize, of course, that the idea of civilization is relative, that any community and any age has its own civilization, and its own ideals of civilization. But, that assumed, we may provisionally assert—and we shall be in general accordance with Niceforo—that, in its most comprehensive sense, the art of civilization includes the three groups of *material* facts, *intellectual* facts, and *moral* (and *political*) facts so covering all the essential facts in our life.

Material facts, which we are apt to consider the most easily measurable, include quantity and distribution of population, production of wealth, the consumption of food and luxuries, the standard of life. Intellectual facts include the diffusion and degree of instruction as well as creative activity in genius. Moral facts include the prevalence of honesty, justice, pity, and self-sacrifice, the position of women and the care of children. They are the most important of all for the quality of a civilization. Voltaire pointed out that "pity and justice are the foundations of society," and long previously, Pericles in Thucydides described the degradation of the Pelopennesians "among whom everyone thinks only of his own advantage, and everyone believes that his own negligence of other things will pass unperceived." The whole art of government comes under this head, and the whole treatment of human personality.

The comparative prevalence of criminality has long been the test most complacently adopted by those who seek to measure civilization on its moral and most fundamental aspect. Crime is merely a name for the most obvious, extreme, and directly dangerous forms of immorality. Therefore the highest civilization is that with the least crime. But is it so? The more carefully we look into the matter

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the more difficult it becomes to apply this test. That is so even at the outset. Every civilized community has its own way of dealing with criminal statistics, and the discrepancies thus introduced are so great that this fact alone makes comparison almost impossible. It is scarcely necessary to point out that varying skill and thoroughness in the detection of crime, and varying severity in the attitude towards it, necessarily count for much.

Of not less significance is the legislative activity of the community; the greater the number of laws the greater the number of offences against them. If, for instance, Prohibition is introduced into a country the amount of delinquency in that country is enormously increased, but it would be rash to assert that the country has thereby been sensibly lowered in the scale of civilizations. To avoid this difficulty it has been proposed to take into consideration only what are called "natural crimes", that is, those everywhere regarded as punishable. But, even then, there is a still more disconcerting consideration. For, after all, the criminality of a country is a by-product of its energy in business and in the whole conduct of affairs. It is a poisonous excretion, but excretion is the measure of vital metabolism. Therefore we cannot be sure that we ought not to regard the most criminal country as that which in some aspect possesses the highest civilization.

Let us turn to the intellectual aspect of civilization. Here we have at least two highly important and quite fairly measurable facts to consider: the production of creative genius and the degree and diffusion of general instruction. If we consider the matter abstractly it is highly probable that we shall declare that no civilization can be worth while unless it is rich in creative genius and unless the population generally exhibits a sufficiently cultured level of education out of which such genius may arise freely and into which the seeds it produces may fruitfully fall. Yet, what do we find? Alike whether we go back to the earliest civilization we have definite information about, or turn

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to the latest stages of the civilization we know today, we fail to see any correspondence between these two essential conditions of civilization. Among peoples in a low state of culture, among savages generally, such instruction and education as exists really is generally diffused; every member of the community is initiated into the tribal traditions; yet no observers of such peoples seem to note the emergence of individuals of strikingly productive genius. That, so far as we know, began to appear, and indeed in marvelous variety and excellence, in Greece, and the exquisite civilization of Greece (as later the more powerful but coarser civilization of Rome) was built up on a broad basis of slavery, which nowadays—except, of course, when disguised as industry—we no longer regard as compatible with high civilizations.

To turn to a more recent example, consider the splendid efflorescence of genius in Russia during the central years of the last century, still a vivifying influence on the literature and music of the world; yet the population of Russia had only just been delivered, nominally at least, from serfdom and still remained at the intellectual and economic level of serfs. Today, education has become diffused in the western world. Yet no one would dream of asserting that genius is more prevalent. Consider the United States, for instance, during the past half century. It would surely be hard to find any country, except perhaps Germany, where education is more highly esteemed or better understood, and where instruction is more widely diffused. Yet, so far as the production of high original genius is concerned, many an old Greek city, with a thousand or two inhabitants, had more to show than all the United States put together. So that we are at a loss how to apply the intellectual test to the measurement of civilization. It would almost seem that the two essential elements of this test are mutually incompatible.

Let us fall back on the simple solid fundamental test furnished by the material aspect of civilization. Here

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we are among elementary facts and the first that began to be measured. Yet our difficulties, instead of diminishing, rather increase. It is here, too, that we chiefly meet with what Niceforo has called "the paradoxical symptoms of superiority in progress", though I should prefer to call them ambivalent, that is to say that while from one point of view they indicate superiority, from another, even though it may be a low point of view, they appear to indicate inferiority. This is well illustrated by the test of growth of population, or the height of the birth-rate—better by the birth-rate considered in relation to the death-rate, for they cannot be intelligibly considered apart.

The law of Nature is reproduction and if an intellectual rabbit were able to study human civilization he would undoubtedly regard rapidity of multiplication, in which he has himself attained so high a degree of proficiency, as evidence of progress in civilization. In fact, as we know, there are even human beings who take the same view, whence we have what has been termed Rabbitism in men. Yet, if anything is clear in this obscure field, it is that the whole tendency of evolution is toward a diminishing birth-rate. The most civilized countries everywhere, and the most civilized people in them, are those with the lowest birth-rate. Therefore we have here to measure the height of civilization by a test which, if carried to an extreme, would mean the disappearance of civilization. Another such ambivalent test is the consumption of luxuries, of which alcohol and tobacco are the types. There is held to be no surer test of civilization than the increase per head of the consumption of alcohol and tobacco. Yet alcohol and tobacco are recognizably poisons, so that their consumption has only to be carried far enough to destroy civilization altogether. Again, take the prevalence of suicide. That, without doubt, is a test of height in civilization. We should be justified in regarding as very questionable a high civilization which failed to show a high suicide-rate. Yet, suicide is the sign of failure, misery, and despair. How can we regard the

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prevalence of failure, misery, and despair as the mark of high civilization?

Thus, whichever of the three groups of facts we attempt to measure, it appears on examination almost hopelessly complex. We have to try to make our methods correspondingly complex. Niceforo realizes this; he invokes co-variation, or simultaneous and sympathetic changes in various factors of civilization; he explains the index-number, and he appeals to mathematics for aid out of all these difficulties. He also attempts to combine with the help of diagrams, a single picture out of these awkward and contradictory tests. The example he gives is that of France during the fifty years preceding the war. It is an interesting example because there is reason to consider France, in some respects, the most highly civilized of European countries.

What are the chief significant measurable marks of this superiority? Niceforo selects about a dozen, and avoiding the difficult attempt to compare France with other countries, he confines himself to the more easily practicable task of ascertaining whether, or in what respects, the general art of civilization in France, the movement of the collective life, has been upward or downward. When the different categories are translated, according to recognized methods, into index-numbers, taking the original figures from the official *Résumé* of French statistics, it is found that each line of movement follows throughout, the same direction, though often in zig-zag fashion, and never turns back on itself. In this way it appears that the consumption of coal has been more than doubled, the consumption of luxuries (sugar, coffee, alcohol) nearly doubled, the consumption of food per head (as tested by cheese and potatoes) also increasing. In no other respect (we must not count the exceptional case of divorce which has been affected by legal changes) has the movement been so rapid. Suicide has increased fifty per cent, wealth has increased slightly and irregularly; the upward movement of population has been extremely slight and partly due to immigration; the

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death-rate has fallen, though not so much as the birth-rate; the number of persons convicted of offences by the courts has fallen; the proportion of illiterate persons has diminished; divorces have greatly increased, and also the number of syndicalist workers, but these two movements are of comparative recent growth.

This example well shows what it is possible to do by the most easily available and generally accepted tests by which to measure the progress of a community in the art of civilization. Every one of the tests applied to France reveals an upward tendency of civilization, though some of them, such as the fall in the death-rate, are not strongly pronounced and much smaller than may be found in many other countries. Yet, at the same time, while we have to admit that each of these lines of movement indicates an upward tendency of civilization, it by no means follows that we can view them all with complete satisfaction. It may even be said that some of them have only to be carried further in order to indicate dissolution and decay. The consumption of luxuries, for instance, is, as already noted, the consumption of poisons. The increase of wealth means little unless we take into account its distribution. The increase of syndicalism, while it is a sign of increased independence, intelligence, and social aspiration among the workers, is also a sign that the social system is becoming regarded as unsound. So that, while all these tests may be said to indicate a rising civilization, they yet do not invalidate the wise conclusion of Niceforo that a civilization is never an exclusive mass of benefits, but a mass of values, positive and negative; and it may even be said that most often the conquest of a benefit in one domain of a civilization brings into another domain of that civilization inevitable evils. Long ago, Montesquieu had spoken of the evils of civilization and left the question of the value of civilization open, while Rousseau, more passionately, had decided against civilization.

We see the whole question from another point, yet not

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incongruous, when we turn to Professor William McDougall's Lowell Lectures, "Is America Safe for Democracy?" since republished under the more general title, "National Welfare and National Decay," for the author recognizes that the questions he deals with go to the root of all high civilization. As he truly observes, civilization grows constantly more complex and also less subject to the automatically balancing influence of national selection, more dependent for its stability on our constantly regulative and foreseeing control. Yet, while the intellectual task placed upon us is ever growing heavier, our brains are not growing correspondingly heavier to bear it. There is, as Remy de Gourmont often pointed out, no good reason to suppose that we are in any way innately superior to our savage ancestors, who had at least as good physical constitutions and at least as large brains. The result is that the small minority among us which alone can attempt to cope with our complexly developing civilization comes to the top by means of what Dr. McDougall calls the social ladder, and what Arséne Dumont (whom, however, he never mentions) called social capillarity. The small upper stratum is of high quality, the large lower stratum of poor quality, and with a tendency to feeble-mindedness.

It is to this large lower stratum that, with our deeply ingrained democratic tendencies, we assign the political and other guidance of the community, and it is this lower stratum which has the higher birth-rate, since with all high civilization the normal birth-rate is low.* McDougall is not concerned with the precise measurement of civilization, and may not be familiar with the attempts that have been made in that direction; it is his object to point out the necessity in high civilization for a deliberate and purposive art of eugenics, if we would prevent the eventual shipwreck of civilization. But we see how his conclusions emphasize

*Professor McDougall refers to the high birth-rate of the lower stratum as more "normal." If that were so, civilization would certainly be doomed. All high evolution involves a low birth-rate. Strange how difficult it is even for those most concerned with these questions to see the facts simply and clearly!

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those difficulties in the measurement of civilization which Niceforo has so clearly set forth.

More than half a century ago George Sand pointed out that we must distinguish between the civilization of *quantity* and the civilization of *quality*. As the great Morgani had said much earlier, it is not enough to count, we must evaluate; "observations are not to be numbered, they are to be weighed". It is not the biggest things that are the most civilized things. The largest structures of Hindu or Egyptian art are outweighed by the temples on the Acropolis of Athens, and similarly, as Bryce, who had studied the matter so thoroughly was wont to insist, it is the smallest democracies which today stand highest in the scale. We have seen that there is much in civilization which we may profitably measure, yet when we seek to scale the last heights of civilization the ladder of our "metrology" comes to grief. "The methods of the mind are too weak" as Comte said, "and the Universe is too complex." Life, even the life of the civilized community, is an art, and the too much is as fatal as the too little. We may say of civilization, as Renan said of truth, that it lies in a nuance. Gumplowicz believed that civilization is the beginning of disease, Arséne Dumont thought that it inevitably held within itself a toxic principle, a principle by which it is itself in time poisoned. The more rapidly a civilization progresses the sooner it dies, and another arises in its place. That may not seem to everyone a cheerful prospect. Yet, if our civilization has failed to enable us to look further than our own egoistic ends, what has our civilization been worth?

SKY LINE

By VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

I thought these buildings, mocking at God's heights,
Were Babels whose success no power could mar,
Until I looked above their million lights
And saw the mystic splendor of one star!

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AFTER LLOYD GEORGE—WHO?

By FREDERICK W. WILSON

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has been in office since 1906, filling various positions in the cabinet until 1916, since when he has been Prime Minister. He has thus had one of the longest and most arduous periods in office that has ever fallen to the lot of a British statesman. Now with tory dissension and bodily fatigue he plays with the threat of resignation. He began his life as a parochial radical, the defender of oppressed causes, and a fierce attacker of all privilege. The height of his notoriety was the bitter campaign he waged against the Dukes and the effect of his Limehouse speech is still one of the mysterious cross currents in British political life. But all the dynamic energy which can transform his personality from rather an adroit and suspected politician to a statesman of world predominance reached its widest scope in the war, and Mr. Lloyd George today is rightly reaping the fruits of his passionate devotion to his country's cause. So long has he dominated the political stage and so fortunate has he been in his opponents and lack of opposition that the casual observer is apt to be at a loss to suggest the course of British politics with the Welsh wizard's guiding hand removed. For Lloyd George has created a new school in politics, which depends not so much on the form of coalition to which, by the way, he lends little more than lip service, but upon a method which has grown up with war problems, of dealing with every situation as it arises.

In the bad old days, when the lines of demarcation between parties were clearly marked, when Mastermans were writing books explaining liberal principles and when the Cecil's acidly clerical pen was indicting replies, explain-

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ing conservative principles, political questions were discussed upon a high and often impractical plane. However, much distinction the presence of a Morley, a Bryce, or a Trevelyan conferred upon a cabinet, their presence presupposed a certain amount of airy metaphysic rather than an atmosphere of practical politics. It was this over-emphasis of first principles that produced the Asquithian "wait and see," and it was against this transcendental idealism that the British public revolted and insisted upon the first Asquith coalition and the succeeding Lloyd George régime. Not that Mr. Lloyd George took office barren of principle, but he introduced a new note of opportunism into politics which dealt with every question on its immediate merits, and proved tremendously disconcerting to the old party hacks. The spectacle of lions and lambs lying down together in a coalition cabinet has never been popular with the simpler minded and more fanatical politician. Despite this inherent and historic prejudice, Mr. Lloyd George's coalition, though it has often been strained to the breaking point, has weathered all storms. It has produced on the whole quite a creditable amount of legislation. With the settlement of the Irish question in sight, the benefits of coalition have reached their height. And, at the same time, for the first occasion since 1914, the old party lines are emerging comparatively clear from the coalition fog. There is a liberal, conservative and a labor revival, and now it is freely whispered that even if he does not resign Mr. Lloyd George intends to go to the country, some time this autumn. Many competent observers doubt whether he will consent to hold the reins of power for more than a year after re-election. There is little doubt but that he will be returned to power, though with a reduced majority, losing some of his present strength to labor. Here arises the most interesting political problem at present to be found in the world. Who will succeed Mr. Lloyd George?

Numerically the strongest party in the House of Commons today is the conservative block. What it lacks in

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intelligence it makes up in fervor, and though on the questions of Russia, Ireland, and economy, and lately India, it has not shown its former allegiance to the Prime Minister its mutineers have neither been strong enough nor had the courage, until the last few weeks, openly to challenge the authority of the head of the government, whom they fear and mistrust. Mr. Lloyd George has always had the whip hand over them, though they have been a troublesome thorn in his flesh. He is still the dominant Parliamentary figure and is never so happy as when he is chastising the recalcitrant follower, or pouring scorn upon doubting Thomases. But he has been bound to treat his conservative followers with a certain amount of respect. In the election of December, 1918, he found himself in the hands of Mr. Bonar Law and the head of the conservative machine in the country, Sir George Younger. Between them they invented the much abused coupon, and until the need for vigorous independent leadership in domestic problems arose last year, Mr. Lloyd George remained an unwilling captive of their bow and spear. Lately, conscious of the wealth of his own party chest, he arose and smote the independence of rebellious conservatism, bringing it quickly to heel.

In the cabinet this conservative group has a predominating influence, and curiously enough has supplied Mr. Lloyd George with his best friends and closest adherents. The retirement of Mr. Bonar Law removed an unsuspected strength to Mr. Lloyd George's side. Despite his unprepossessing appearance, Mr. Bonar Law had a strong sense of political rectitude, a fine instinct for saying the right thing at the right moment. As leader of the House of Commons he won the confidence and even love of that extremely difficult body and his place has been most inadequately filled by Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain was fortunate in his sire; he has cultivated that great man's mannerisms, but, though he inherited a commendable taste for orchids, he has not succeeded in developing his father's political instinct or incisiveness of political thought.

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It used to be said of the great Colonial Secretary that his mind on a political question was like a bull's-eye lantern—it illuminated any point on which it shone, it cast everything that surrounded it into an even deeper gloom. The man who, to quote Gladstone's phrase, "gladdened his father's heart" by his first speech, has one part of this peculiarity at least in common with his father. An amiable, conscientious, punctilious, polite and considerate opponent, Mr. Chamberlain is lacking in any breadth of vision or in any flair. He represents stolid trained mediocrity, besides which he suffers much from lumbago. In all probability he will follow his present chief into retirement, but in his case the retirement would be permanent.

In Lord Birkenhead, the Galloper Smith of pre-war days, the Woolsack has rarely had so brilliant an occupant. But the British public, in common with other publics, distrusts brilliancy. Lord Birkenhead has a caustic, nimble tongue. He possesses a thorough understanding of first principles whether they be political or legal. The intimate friend of Winston Churchill, he is over-weaningly ambitious, and his former supercilious, rather impertinent, cross-examining style has mellowed into a rich and suggestive oratory. The somewhat cynical superior pose of Mr. F. E. Smith, K. C. M. P., has changed with responsibilities into the rather kindly, tolerant, world-weary Lord Birkenhead. The youngest Lord Chancellor on record, the lines on his face are now showing the strain of intensive application to work. Acute and masterful on the bench, Lord Birkenhead presides over the House of Lords with an Apollo-like dignity, contributing beautiful little mosaics of statesman-like thought to the debates in the gilded chamber. But somehow to the British public, he is still "F. E." Everybody knows that he wishes to be Prime Minister and to lead a revived Tory democracy in a post-Disraelian vision, to lasting power, but at present the House of Lords is still unreformed and there will never again be a British Prime Minister from an unreformed Upper House. Political

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memories, also, are long, and I am afraid that the crop of political wild oats so bounteously sown by the Lord Chacellor in his early days will stifle the more recent good grain. Lord Birkenhead will always be a power to be remembered. He once told me that he spent three hours one day arguing with Mr. Balfour to try and persuade him to let the conservative majority in the House of Lords pass the people's budget of 1910. He is thinking back on old political lines, but his ear is ever very close to all political whispers. It was once said of him wittily that he seldom neglects a duty, but never a pleasure, and if anything will rob him of his ambitions, it will be this element of uncertainty. His recent quarrel with Lord Carson, while a brilliant victory for the Lord Chancellor, evoked many old painful memories in the minds of the British public.

I am afraid that the end of the present Parliament will see the withdrawal from active public life of Lord Curzon. George Nathaniel is an interesting relic; he belongs to the old régime, fitting into the traditional atmosphere which surrounds the chancellories of Europe. He is pompous, didactic, amazingly learned, with an acute broad mind, but he thinks in terms of the old notation. He is dynastic. The newer methods of diplomacy left him high and dry, and for long the real foreign policy of Great Britain has been dictated from Ten Downing Street by Mr. Lloyd George and his secretariat. For a long time, Mr. Philip Kerr was a much more powerful Foreign Secretary than the head of the foreign office. The "Purple Emperor," as somebody once called him, has a brilliant collection of gifts, but I rather fancy that he is lacking in the saving sense of humor and in the capacity of smiling at himself. Far otherwise is the personality of the other member of the old régime, Sir Arthur Balfour, in the present cabinet. Calm, mellow, learned, gentle, wise, experienced, Mr. Balfour has filled many offices of state, including a Prime Ministership of disastrous consequences, with a philosophic indifference and a humorously cynical doubt as to whether it was all worth the

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trouble. I see that the London *Morning Post* has been suggesting Sir Arthur as Prime Minister. Apart from the question of age, there is a certain curious personal disloyalty about Balfour, discovered during his Premiership, which would fatally mitigate against his chances of taking office again. No one can forget how he treated George Wyndham and Alfred Lyttleton. No one could forget his curious indifference to the wreck he made of his party. It is said that he never reads a newspaper, and it is this very aloofness which, while making him such a valuable member of any cabinet, makes him unfitted for the highest office. There could be no more tactful, able, or more impressive representative of the British Empire than Arthur James Balfour, but any revived tory democratic party would never be safe or sure of success under his leadership.

When Mr. Lloyd George formed his cabinet, in 1918, he continued a war experiment of introducing new blood into political life. The brothers Geddes were given office, but, by far his most successful experiment, was the appointment of a Scottish lawyer as Minister of Labor. Sir Robert Horne was born some fifty years ago, the son of a Scottish minister, and after a brilliant academical career at Glasgow University, departed to teach metaphysics at a Welsh university. But ambition and the bar soon brought him back to Scotland, and when the war broke out he was virtually the leader of the Scottish Commercial Bar. His war service took him to the Admirality, where his tact, patience, and executive ability in handling complex labor questions brought him to the notice of Mr. Lloyd George. After much persuasion, Sir Robert took a portfolio and, at the end of 1919, was the outstanding success of the new administration. He received rapid promotion and, after a few months at the Board of Trade, became Chancellor of the Exchequer early last year. During his period of office, he has handled the two biggest coal strikes on record, steering the country successfully through a welter of

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complex issues, and winning the respect of his opponents, and the unique testimony from his colleagues of an especial cabinet minute of thanks. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he has effected astounding economies, which, in co-operation with Sir Eric Geddes' committee, will bring the British budget to a reasonable size. He is gradually bringing the pound back to par and, in his handling of reparation questions, he is displaying unique and refreshing statesmanship. He has a broad vision on European affairs and the commercial treaty with Russia was in a large part carried through by his tact and common sense. Of all the members of the cabinet, he is perhaps closest to Mr. Lloyd George.

Politically, Sir Robert Horne is a *novus homo*. Like all Scottish conservatives, he is a good radical. It must always be remembered that Scottish conservatives were mainly created by Gladstone's threat to disestablish the Church of Scotland. I have often asked Sir Robert as to his political creed—his answer is always the same: "When I get away from the routine and drudgery of office and can put multitudinous duties and cares aside for a moment, I think I go back to Disraeli, but I'm really not sure." Few people in politics are so attuned to the possibilities of toryism, mellowed by democracy, as the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. His war experiences have made him broad-minded, sympathetic, and knowledgable. His ignorance of, or rather non-participation in, pre-war politics have not marked him too strongly with party prejudices. The House of Commons trusts him and loves him, and there is no more attractive picture than to see the genial smile and hear the soothing burr of his Scottish voice taking a committee of the House through intricate financial details. Unfortunately, he is not yet known to the country, and though I am convinced, in my own mind, that Mr. Lloyd George will eventually envelop him with his mantle and that the choice will be no makeshift one or barren of good results, Sir Robert must cultivate the public a little more if Great Britain is to have yet another Scottish Prime Minister.

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Coalition liberalism is neither fish nor fowl; it is neither the old legitimate successor of Gladstonian liberalism, nor is it a new imperial liberal movement centering round the radical proclivities of Mr. Lloyd George. It represents salvage. Those of the old liberal party who could not agree with the Asquithian method of waging war attempted to combine allegiance to the fiery personality which had ousted Mr. Asquith, and to their own pure liberal principles. The result has been that both have suffered and there are, at the present moment, two coalition liberal parties, one which desires to create a new liberal party centering round the Prime Minister, and the other which desires the extension of liberal principles and an amalgamation with the "Wee Frees." Strenuous endeavors are being made to create for the Prime Minister a central liberal party, and that astutest of private secretaries, now Sir William Sutherland, occupies a post in the whips office, nominally to chase erring Scottish members, but actually to preach the Lloyd George doctrine broadcast.

These tendencies are reflected in part in the cabinet where two liberals, of outstanding merit, represent them and are working, consciously or unconsciously, toward such ends. I suppose the ablest statesman in the cabinet from the point of view of dynamic potentiality is Mr. Winston Churchill. Winston is a mystery to all his friends—he is a man of paradoxes; there is about him a breadth of political vision, and a statesman-like intelligence which would put him in the first class among the great rulers of any country. But there is also about him a pettishness of spirit, a recklessness of words, an immeasurable egoism, which vitiates, to a great extent, his good qualities. Winston thought out the greatest idea of the war, but then he referred to it as the Gallipoli gamble. Somehow the great idea went wrong, and yet Winston is a first class administrator, as the most punctilious navy or army official will testify. He has a great capacity for evolving ideas, and a gift of mellifluous lisping speech which is extraordinarily attractive. I heard

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him deliver one of the greatest dramatic and vote-turning speeches made in the House of Commons for many a long year and day. His special pleading in the Amritsar debate undoubtedly saved the government, but he is quite capable of spoiling the effect of such a brilliant piece of work by some studied insolence or some carefully prepared impromptu piece of thought. I really think that Winston is a liberal. There is something in him that responds to liberalism—a curious hidden amalgam of his mother's American ancestry and his father's affected democracy. But it is undoubtedly there and Winston can, at any moment, deliver the liberal oration *in excelsis*. Seven or eight months ago, Winston did not see eye to eye with his chief; Winston did not like the Russian trade policy, and he disliked Sir Robert Horne's appointment to the Exchequer. He was caught napping painting pictures in Egypt, and he gazed at the Sphinx to return very disgruntled. It was at that time and in preparation for Winston turning nasty that there was issued from Ten Downing Street an inspired character sketch of the statesman-painter, to be held ready for publication, on the sign from Downing Street, by a weekly organ devoted to Mr. Lloyd George's interests. But this additional chapter to the "Makers of the New World" was never published. Winston and his chief made up their quarrel, and over the Irish question have got to know one another very much better. Neither of them can afford to quarrel; mutual distrust holds them together. Consequently, it is Mr. Winston Churchill who has flown the Lloyd George kite of a new liberal party, bound together by devotion to the Prime Minister, and fully armed with the sinews of political war. When the time comes, Mr. Winston Churchill, the intimate friend of Lord Birkenhead and over-weaningly ambitious, will make a bold bid for the leadership of the liberal party, and the Prime Ministership. But I cannot fancy Mr. Lloyd George giving up the reins of office to this trusted and beloved lieutenant.

Just as Lord Randolph Churchill forgot Goschen, so

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has his son forgotten the personality and ability of Sir Gordon Hewart, the late Attorney-General, who gave up last year his claim to the office of Lord Chief Justice at Mr. Lloyd George's special request but who has just accepted the position. Sir Gordon was one of the finest brains in the House of Commons. Approaching the fifties, he is small, round and plump. His curiously shaped fat face appears rather sleepy and heavy until you see his eyes and notice the firmness of his mouth. He was the best debater in the House, with a hard vein of logic, lightened by very pretty wit. Every bill he has had to conduct he has managed with conspicuous success, and with the exception of Sir Robert Horne, no new man has made such a success. His friends fear that he has rather sold his soul for political advancement, but Sir Gordon is just as much a good Manchester liberal as he was in the days when he wrote in the *Manchester Guardian*. His liberalism is a creed, not an opportunity, and though his cast of thought is legal, the passions of his mind are Gladstonian. He believes in the extension of liberal principles so that they will embrace all radical and liberal feelings. Because of his ability, integrity and honesty of mind, he formed a very strong rival to Mr. Winston Churchill, and because he is so unconscious of his political potentialities he would probably have gone further than his antagonist. But he will not be buried on the bench, though he will be a distinct loss to active politics.

So much for personalities. What is going to happen to parties? The conservative party is taking on daily a more democratic view, its strength is growing, helped by political and economic discontent. It has, as I have indicated, two or three possible leaders. It has plenty of negative reasons to urge against the coalition, but few positive ones for its own assumption of power. In all probability, it will still be the strongest numerically after the next election. The coalition liberal party, I think, will perish. But from its ashes will arise a new Lloyd George liberal party. What

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would be the name of the new creation is yet unknown, but it will be able to combine discontented Asquithians and disappointed members of the present coalition majority. It will be led by Mr. Lloyd George with Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Birkenhead as his chief lieutenants, and it will provide the Prime Minister with a haven of refuge to retire to, and an opportunity of holding the balance between the conservative party and labor. Despite the pontifical utterances of Lord Grey and Mr. Asquith, I do not think there is any future in that wing of liberalism. The days for pleasing platitudes in politics are over, and a successful political party in England must be led by more practical realists than Lord Grey, Mr. Asquith, or Lord Robert Cecil. Though labor will gain at the next general election, I do not think for one moment that it will be in a position to form an administration. The new labor party is one to be respected, though not feared, and it will undoubtedly gain many seats when next the country is asked to vote.

But all the cards are in the hands of Mr. Lloyd George. He has won the war, he has settled Ireland, he is making a great bid to bring peace and prosperity to Europe—and he is getting to be a tired man. Though there is no sign yet of him losing his zest for the game, there are signs that he is getting careless and a little contemptuous of the opposition with which he is faced. If his Genoa schemes succeed he will not wait to see their domestic effect in England, but with this additional honor fresh upon him, will go to the country to ask it to continue an administration which, if not personally conducted by him throughout the whole of its life, will reflect his ideas, and answer to his master hand. In other words, I feel sure that within a year he will abdicate. Of all his colleagues whom he would prefer to see in his place, I think that the shrewd, far-sighted, long-headed, genial Scottish lawyer, Sir Robert Horne, will be asked by the King, on Mr. Lloyd George's advice, to form an administration, coalition in character, but modified by the changes which the events of this year are certain to bring about.

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IS DRINK KILLING ENGLAND?

By ELIZABETH BANKS

A FEW days ago a workman was doing some odd jobs in my Adelphi flat. For two hours he worked fairly well and I flattered myself that, finally, from among all the millions of British unemployed I had been able to select a man anxious to work and able to be of real use. When it got to be half-past ten he became restless, running back and forth to the kitchen to look at the clock, putting his head out of the window, thrumming his fingers on the sill.

"Big Ben," the great clock on the House of Parliament, not far from my home, started with its ponderous strokes to boom out the hour of eleven, and before the ending of the fifth stroke, my "handy man" had downed hammer and nails and was striding out the door, saying:

"I'm going 'round the corner, Madam, for refreshments. I won't be long."

I knew what it meant. In my neighborhood the public houses are open from eleven till eleven. The man had gone for his "elevenses," or mid-morning glass of beer. At half-past eleven he returned, explaining that he felt greatly "refreshed." However that might be, the quality and the quantity of his work suffered for the rest of the morning. He was stupid, listless, careless, slow and droning. When he went out at noon for his dinner, he had his "dinner beer," and he returned to his work sleepy and ambitionless. At the end of the day he had not accomplished one-sixth of what a good American workman would have done. Indeed, he had spent most of his time in doing over and over again every bit of work he attempted. At the end of the day he had his money, the same amount that I should have paid for good work.

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In this little story I have described accurately and minutely the Curse of Britain. It is Drink. With all the lamentations over Britain's unhappy industrial situation, with all the talk about unemployment, with all the fears of many British public men that this United Kingdom will eventually, even shortly, become but a nation of "C3" citizens, I find very few public speakers or writers for the press who will come out boldly and tell the truth about the present situation, and put the blame for it where it belongs—upon the breweries and the public houses. Let it be understood that I write not as a rabid prohibitionist or a total abstinence agitator, for I am neither. I am but an American woman, a journalist with wide-open eyes, a lover and admirer of England, living in this land of my ancestors and studying present-day problems. During my long residence here there is no class of Briton with whom I have not been brought into close contact; but I have given a particular attention to those who are known as the British working people; I have lived among them and worked among them as one of themselves; as "one of them" I have accompanied workingmen's families into the public houses, watched them drink, listened to their conversation; I have myself stood outside the public houses "minding" babies in perambulators at the behest of mothers who wanted to go inside to get a drink of beer. I have done this in order that I might get acquainted with these mothers and their children, get invited to their homes, win the love of their children. I have seen their household management, their slovenly habits, their unappetizing and wickedly wasteful ways of cooking. I have partaken of their meals in their grimy kitchens and pretended to enjoy it, though my task of eating was a disagreeable and often a sickening one.

In such ways as this I have studied the British working classes from the inside. I have never essayed the part of the missionary, the district visitor, or the church worker. When I go among them they believe me to be an English working woman. I have even learned to disguise my Amer-

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ican accent so that they shall not suspect me of being an outsider. I have done all this before the war and since the war.

Before the war, the ordinary British workman and working woman were so poorly paid that they had very few pleasures except beer drinking. Large numbers of them, if bidden to choose between food and beer, chose beer—and since it helped them, in a way, to forget their sordid, colorless lives, a good many of the members of the so-called upper classes encouraged them to drink. I have even heard some employers in large factories say they preferred moderate drinkers to total abstainers as working people, since the first thing a man did when he became an abstainer was also to become dissatisfied!

Now, I have not the time nor the space in this article to "hark back" to those old pre-war conditions, when, though Britons sang most vociferously that they never, never would be slaves, slavery of a very unhappy type did exist. I wish here to speak of the present conditions as I find them, the conditions that make me feel there is but one solution of Britain's present industrial problem if Britain is to have a future place among the first class commercial powers. That solution involves the abolition of intoxicating drink.

Since the war, and since the recent lengthening of the number of hours during which public houses may, or rather *must,* be open, a few thousand Britons have begun to realize the gravity of the situation and are reading most distinctly the large writing on the wall concerning industrial inefficiency. These are now agitating for a local option law to be passed by Parliament which shall allow the people of England and Wales to decide whether or not breweries, distilleries, and public houses shall remain as they are, be diminished, or abolished altogether in various localities. So far, Parliament has refused to allow such a law to go through.

There has, for a number of years, been a local option law in Scotland, for, though your typical Scot likes his whiskey,

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he also likes his freedom. Scotland has, under the Thistle, the motto *Nemo me impune lacessit?* ("Wha daur meddle wi' me?") and makes her own local laws accordingly. The Scot has a passion for democracy, frugality and efficiency, and there is every likelihood that in the not distant future Scotland will be known as "the dry island" of the United Kingdom.

Now, in England and Wales, what is familiarly known as "the Trade" holds Parliament and the majority of the press in the hollow of its hand. The brewers are largely represented in the House of Commons, while what is known as "the Beerage" is a very influential and wealthy part of the House of Lords.

The British people have a way of pretending that there is no "graft" in British politics; yet I, an American, a citizen of that country which my English cousins sometimes refer to, pityingly, as "the land of political bosses," have no hesitation in stating that the "bossism" of the British liquor interests is of such an order as to convince me that in the United States we have been mere kindergarteners in the art of bribery, graft, and corruption.

I have had peculiarly excellent opportunities of studying the extent to which a considerable portion of the British press is influenced in this respect, and how "the Trade," in one way and another, subsidizes newspaper proprietors, editors, and contributors. Some of this subsidizing is very direct; some is indirect, and a part of it is so delicately and subtly accomplished that numbers of extremely delightful, naive, and innocent young men and women writers would be very much amazed to learn that they are the hired and well paid propagandists of the British whiskey and beer interests.

Some time ago, expecting to make a trip to the United States and Canada, I called on some of my English editors to inquire what work I could do for them while I was on the other side. Said the first one I approached:

"Send me three good articles on the effect of Prohibition in your country."

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"Very well," I answered. "Can you take something about 'Dry Canada' also?"

"No, you needn't bring in Canada," said he, and then we settled the matter of the three American articles. "Mind you," he added, as I was leaving his office, "show the thing up in all its weaknesses, and use your sense of humor!"

"Show it up?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled.

"Of course! Keep your eyes open and your nostrils as well. You're sure to see and smell a lot of drink over there, and what I want are articles showing how Prohibition makes things worse, how it creates law breakers, drives decent men and women to swallowing hair tonics, scents, and to drug taking."

"I see!" I laughed. "But I never start my investigations in that way. I always begin with an open mind."

I never did the articles. During the weeks that followed I consulted other editors, suggesting articles on the way Prohibition worked in the United States, meantime studying the British papers. I found that, with a few exceptions, they were busily engaged in describing how Prohibition *failed* to work in the United States. I offered an article to one editor telling of the good effects of Prohibition in an American factory town, and for answer he called his office boy to bring him a file of his periodical.

"Study the advertisements in this paper and then tell me if you think I'm likely to publish such an article as you suggest!" he said, sitting back and shaking with laughter at what he called my "practical joke." I studied the advertisements. More than half were of firms that dealt in beer, whiskies, and wines in some form or another; restaurants, hotels.

"I see!" I said, looking him squarely in the face. "Whereas once I was blind, now I see!"

Later a friend called on me. I happened to mention that I was hoping to go to the United States, but wasn't sure I could afford the trip, what with the high steamship fares and the big hotel bills over there.

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"I think I can help you, if you're willing to do some propaganda work," he said. "Articles are wanted here on the failure of Prohibition in the United States. You're just the woman to do the thing smartly and brightly. You see, it's to the interest of a good many people here to show how Prohibition has failed over in your country so our people won't get keen on it, and you can not only write, but give suggestions for smart cartoons."

Then I laughed, laughed till I almost cried.

"Oh," I said, finally, to my astonished friend, "you British are so funny!"

"Funny?" he repeated.

"Yes! Also, we Americans are so clean, so decent, so scrupulous in our politics! Old Boss Tweed in the days of long ago was such a gentleman and so honorable, while as for Tammany Hall, I wish all its 'Braves' had but one neck that I might embrace it! I'm so glad I'm an American, so proud of our pure politicians. The worst of them are saints compared with some of the so-called 'best' of yours!"

I have said that one editor I consulted barred articles on Prohibition in Canada. If the British press is studied carefully it will be found that little or no mention is made of dry Canada whereas almost any amount of space can be secured to show the evil effect of Prohibition across the border. There is, in fact, a most apparent conspiracy to keep the bulk of the British public from even knowing that Canada is dry. The good results of local option in New Zealand and Australia are also seldom mentioned in the British press. There can be no possible doubt that "the Trade" is determined to keep the inhabitants of the British Isles ignorant of the fact that the self-governing Dominions are more sure-sighted and foresighted than the Motherland.

So it has come to pass that while many of the British papers are sickeningly full of accounts telling how the Americans, as a people, are now given over to orgies where strange and marvelous drink substitutes are rapidly turn-

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ing many of our citizens into criminals, lunatics, and imbeciles, there are no such humorous accounts of the state of things in dry British Dominions. The British workingman is gradually becoming a careful reader of the daily papers. Steadily, though slowly, he is advancing in education, and with education comes dawning ambition and the desire for real betterment. During the war he saw specimens of prosperous, well-paid mechanics and other workmen in the armies of the Dominions. He saw that they were taller, better proportioned, stronger in physique, held their heads more squarely and independently on their shoulders; stooping not, showing neither humility nor meekness to king or aristocrat. He heard these men tell of their nice homes, their well-dressed wives, their well-nourished children who were being educated with other children of every class in the free schools of the Dominions. He compared these accounts with the facts of his own condition and his own family, his under-grown, stunted children for whom there seemed so little hope, so little happiness, so little future, prosperity, and real freedom.

Now, there are in Britain today members of "the Trade"; members of the aristocracy who fear for the continuance of their "class" advantages, and others, who reason that it is just as well—and better—that the British workingman shall not be given any "food for thought" on the subject of any connection between Prohibition and total abstinence and the undisputed superiority in the position of the workingmen of the Dominions over those in the United Kingdom. These are the people who are raising the cry against the idea of "robbing the British workingman of his beer." These are the people who are out to save themselves, their own wealth, their own class, their own aristocratic privileges, their own very skins, by posing as the upholders of freedom and democracy in the opposition to a local option law that shall merely let the British workingman decide for himself whether or not his own locality, his own borough, shall have or not have the public house in its midst. These are the

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people who hire rowdies to interrupt temperance orators, who pay for propaganda from the United States, who are opponents of education for the masses, who use their influence to keep even the pamphlets published by the Board of Education on the hygiene of food and drink out of the schools.

Meantime, little children, hundreds of thousands of tiny future British citizens, stand outside the public houses, often for hours, sometimes asleep while yet they stand, waiting for fathers and mothers to get their fill of beer and then to come out and take them home; little boys and little girls look longingly into the public house, counting the years till they will be *past fourteen,* when they, too, will be welcomed within and be able to buy poison on their own account.

The horror of it! The pity of it! The *danger* of it, not only to Britain, but to the world, for industrial inefficiency in Britain touches Anglo-Saxon leadership, Anglo-American unity and all that these things stand for in world civilization.

There are in Britain today a few thousand thoughtful men and women who understand this, and chief among them is the man whom the Germans, during the war, so aptly nicknamed "that British maid-of-all-work," David Lloyd George.

"A dangerous man!" I heard one of his enemies say the other day. "He has three ambitions—to settle the Irish question; to disestablish the State Church; and to make Britain dry—and then look out for the downfall of the British Empire!"

As one who wishes to witness not the downfall but the further rise and uplifting of the British Commonwealth of Nations, I can but pray Heaven to speed the stone from the sling of this modern David, that it may slay Britain's Giant Goliath.

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DISARMAMENT IN INDUSTRY

By HON. JAMES J. DAVIS

THE press of the entire country echoed the sentiment when I said, in a recent talk at Milwaukee, that our public is coming to demand disarmament and peace in industry as ardently as it wants reduction of waste in endless preparation for international war. The truth of what I then said seems to me proved by this wide and instant newspaper response.

The fact is, our public is becoming more and more acutely aware that in every industrial dispute the people at large are the inevitable third party, and that whichever of the two actual disputants wins or loses, the third party foots the bills of victory and shoulders the losses of defeat. Every strike or lockout results in stoppage of production, with consequent increases in the cost of the product affected. No strike or lockout ever wins a real victory. Each always ends in a tacit truce. Whichever party loses generally prepares at once for a future battle and hopes for a more successful issue. The consequence is that the nation's industry is continually riddled with suspicion, hostility, and friction. Discontented workers are the inevitable product of these endless conflicts, and the discontented worker is always half-hearted and sub-efficient. Thus, in addition to the costs of outright industrial warfare, there is this subtle but steady piling up of waste and cost even in periods of apparent peace.

These evils of strike and lockout, and the attendant ills they sweep along in their train, are daily coming into wider and wider understanding among our people. For years all progressive people, chief of all the enlightened labor leaders themselves, have deplored such crude means of adjusting

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industrial differences. But now to understanding is being added a quickened self-interest. The public which better understands the cost of strikes and lockouts is becoming more outspoken in the demand that these things cease. With a growing common consent the strike and lockout are coming to be regarded as clumsy and outworn expedients, almost as relics of barbarism. And as an awakened public opinion, all over the world, but nowhere stronger than among ourselves, finally promoted the present Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, so I believe the same impatient public opinion will proclaim a time, if the time has not already arrived, when some means of adjusting industrial disputes must be found, better than this hideously wasteful method of striking and locking out.

We cannot, of course, expect and demand an end of this costly warfare of short-sightedness and short tempers in industry, without being prepared to set up in place of it some better way of settling disputes. We may as well reconcile ourselves to the fact that differences and disputes will continue, perhaps endlessly. These clashes between men and groups of men in ardent pursuit of interests so often in conflict or competition will be inevitable so long as men remain what they are and human society is as we find it. The lion and the lamb may not lie down together in industry, in this generation or the next. I doubt if we want them to. A society without differences in opinion and clashings of interest is dead. But in this day and age it is absurd to think of battle as the one means of settlement, in industry and the arts of peace in particular. In fact, I believe public opinion on the question of lockout and strike has long been so ripe that if we had had before this the right kind of machinery for settlement, we should be able at this moment to bid a final good-bye to the wrong kind which has cost us such waste of time and such billions of money. It is my purpose to point out a method which I think will become effective.

Before coming to the method itself, we must touch on the

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spirit that must animate it. That spirit must belong not to a few leaders; it must become the prized possession of us all. Disarmament among nations is not a problem solely for a conference at Washington. Disarmament is a problem that must be solved at the hearthstone in every home in the world. Before we can have a general and permanent peace we must have the will to such a peace. And if we are to stop the battles and the warfare of industry, we must have the will to peace there also—the will to compel peace if necessary, but better still to persuade it. We must, as a people, become first of all thoroughly permeated with the spirit of conciliation. Not only employers must have this spirit; not only the millions of workers; but our people as a whole can never expect to see peace in industry until they have filled the country with a sentiment toward conciliation and friendly adjustment, so strong that none will dare to affront it. We must insist that employer and employee lock arms, and give up locking horns.

The need for this spirit of conciliation in American industry has never been stronger than now when we are striving to reconstruct a new prosperity, and many of us hope a new order of industry, on the wreckage left by the great war. No one can persuade me that it is impossible for us to acquire this spirit of conciliation. It is nothing new. We only need more of it. As we finally compelled attention to the need for arms reduction, we can, if we wish it, compel a resort to peaceful settlements in industry.

As a matter of history, the United States Department of Labor has maintained for nearly eight years within itself a "disarmament conference" for industry, in its Division of Conciliation. The monumental work accomplished by this little known bureau, in its quiet way, would make a story to stir the pride of every good American. What it has saved the country in the strikes or lockouts it has shortened, or prevented altogether, is beyond computation. The amount must run high into the millions, or above them.

This Division of Conciliation came into existence shortly

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after the establishment of the Department of Labor as a separate government institution. From March, 1913, to January first, 1922, the conciliation office has handled and settled five thousand one hundred and twelve strikes and lockouts, or threatened strikes and lockouts, in every part of the country. In these five thousand odd disputes, seven million seven hundred and ninety-two thousand and sixty-six men were involved, directly or indirectly. That is to say, by the efforts of our conciliators in this time, nearly eight million Americans were converted from non-productive fighters into satisfied and contented workers.

The money losses from industrial warfare that we must annually carry as an addition to the cost of living, it is impossible to figure with any degree of accuracy. Amateur statisticians have tried their hands at it of late. One of them figured that during the past ten years strikes and lockouts have cost this country nine billions. One guess is as good as another, but the actual amount, if we could ever learn it, would doubtless stagger the nation.

In beginning its work for the reduction of industrial warfare losses, the conciliation office employed three men. Ultimately the number grew to thirty-six. Within the last few months the force of conciliators has been cut to twenty. A decreased appropriation largely accounts for this, although it has been found that with increasing skill in the business of settling disputes a single conciliator can now handle more work than before, and the reduced force is nearly as effective as the larger one of two years ago. I leave it to any good American whether this effort at peace-making in industry has been worthwhile.

Surely this is a phenomenal showing, a heartening proof of what the spirit of conciliation can accomplish, even when applied with limited facilities, but still with good American common sense. Yet this, to my mind, is the very least of what these level-headed conciliators have done. We cannot so readily compute the other and still greater results they have attained. These workers in the cause of peace in in-

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dustry have by no means stopped with the settlement of any particular strike, or lockout, or deadlock of whatever nature. In every case they have sought not simply to end a conflict but to heal the wounds of conflict, to commit the parties in dispute to new written and signed agreements, of eminent fairness to both, and of such just and binding nature that neither party shall need or desire to break it. The aim has been not only to halt a particular deadlock, but to see that no such dispute at that particular point shall occur again. The peace sought has not been a temporary but a binding and permanent peace.

What our conciliators have saved to the country by these means, in loss of production, in the removal of friction, in the creation of contentment and prosperity instead, is not to be computed in dollars and cents. But the sum must be huge. The files of the Department of Labor contain thousands of copies of these peace-making agreements, which are either still in effect, or have been renewed with modifications and improvements. They stand as testimony to the binding and cementing effect of simple good will. Above all they are proof that the conciliatory spirit is earnestly desired and welcomed by the great body of our workers and employers, once the spirit has been sensibly presented to them. It pays, in dividends as well as in terms of contentment. If the spirit of conciliation of accommodation does not prevail as generally as we should like in our industrial life, I am convinced that it is only because we have so far lacked the means and the method for a more energetic spread of it.

Much as the Department of Labor has achieved in this direction, it is far from enough. A complete and absolute "disarmament" in industry may be still a Utopian dream. But the utmost obtainable measure of it must be the aim of every private and government agency, and we must drive after it in a much more practical manner. We must have a method more effective, such as I have in mind.

It is my experience that certain of our industries are,

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more than others, subject to chronic disturbance and occasionally to open warfare. It happens that these industries rest on the most highly technical processes and organization. And the staples or commodities they produced are so widely used in other industries that a tie-up in any one of these special groups results in a nearly nation-wide industrial prostration.

It is further my experience that settlements—even temporary settlements, and much more so permanent ones—are unusually hard to arrive at in these industries because of their intricate corporate management and the great numbers of men employed; in other words, because of the many minds to be reconciled. But there is a further reason why settlements are especially difficult in these industries. Usually the very processes of manufacture in these industries add to the difficulty, in being so highly technical and involved that fair and just settlements cannot always be laid down by a government conciliator for lack of the necessary technical knowledge. And still a third difficulty presents itself.

In the long run it is generally public opinion that finally decides the success or failure of a strike or lockout, and ends it. But to be a prompt, just and decisive judge, the public itself must have fairly accurate knowledge of all the great and little issues involved in dispute—the hours and conditions of work, the processes of manufacture, the nature of operations, and so on. Hence it is that so many of the disputes in these key industries, such as the railroads, end in a fog of misunderstanding on all sides, only to break out and end again in the same manner, repeated over and over. No one outside the industry, and not every one inside it, has understood what the "war" was about. And we cannot hope to have peace and disarmament in these industries until we have experts to tell us what dangerous issues or weapons of war ought to be "scrapped," and so bring an enlightened public opinion to bear and enforce the scrapping. In short, we cannot successfully attack these danger spots in industry until we have a new type of conciliator

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equipped with the necessary technical knowledge—the expert.

Splendid as is the work already achieved by our Department conciliators, we must add to their number these special men, who shall be conciliators secondly, and experts first. I have asked Congress for the means to strengthen our force of peace-makers with fifteen or twenty men with this special and more thorough training, each one assigned to the key industry which he must know from top to bottom. And I am thus presenting the purpose of these men in order that to my own urgent request may be added a wide public wish for the spending of a comparatively small sum of public money in saving to the country vast losses through strike and lockout.

As examples of the need of these special adjusters or conciliators, I have only to cite recent differences in the marine, or the garment and packing industries, fresh in every recollection. The thousand and one operations that weave through each other in the running and maintenance of a railroad alone are complex beyond average comprehension. The two sides to a dispute in such an industry are constantly playing to the public for support, while the dispute runs on to endless cost because the public is uncertain as to precisely what is at stake, what is amiss, and what should be done. Here the usefulness of one of our special men, or a group of such men, comes into play. A public given the full facts by these men would become a just and insistent judge. A settlement of the dispute would be arrived at, so thorough, so accurate and inclusive, that neither side would afterward dare to risk any rash violation of such a just and fair agreement, and so challenge the wrath of an enlightened public. We should be so much nearer to disarmament in that particular industry. And the process would repeat itself in the other great key industries. Finally, an example of industrial peace would be set up on a large scale, a public insistence on industrial peace would be created, such as would have a strong deterrent effect on the outbreak of warfare in industry generally.

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To gain this great end, we shall need a special conciliator in each of the fifteen or twenty major industries, each man a qualified expert in the industry entrusted to his notice. I am aware of the public's well-founded distrust of the average "expert" and our special conciliators must be much more. The type I have in mind must have technical knowledge as a matter of course. What is much more important, he must have a broad general intelligence and a high character. He must have a personal authority of his own, to give weight to his judgments and command respect. He must be a man to be looked up to, naturally and as a matter of course.

As to his technical training, he must, so to speak, know his particular industry down to the last bolt and belt. He must be familiar with every mechanical process employed. He must know precisely what is to be expected from every employee in that industry, at every step of manufacture. He must also know the men themselves, the workers and the managers. For a proper understanding and sympathy, he must know the business end of his industry, as he must also have knowledge and understanding for the workers' organizations. If he has this equipment of training and character, the judgments he passes will be so searching and so transparently fair that both sides will place implicit confidence in his decisions and welcome him as the ready way out of painful and costly differences. It goes without saying that such a man would gain public respect, and so add to his weight and usefulness.

In his performance of this work, there need be no hint whatever of government interference. Our present conciliators have no authority by law to do more than step in by invitation of the parties in any dispute, and strive by persuasion to reach a settlement. These special men would have no more authority and sway. It is only that with their especially valuable training they would be more effective, and consequently more wanted and useful.

Indeed, it seems to me hard to overstate the usefulness of

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these special men. Let us cast an eye over their possibilities. It is not alone as single arbitrators that these men would prove their value. Their greatest use might be on boards of arbitration. In fact, most of our key industries are of such national scope and are complicated to such an extent as would compel the action of these special men in groups or boards of arbitration. Such boards as we have are subject to a measure of public impatience, because of their slow action—in itself a result of the lack of necessary knowledge. Before they can act, they must first hold endless hearings in order to acquire all the needed facts. With our boards of special men we are already provided with the technical details. They are ready for instant action and seasoned judgment.

These men will not only know all the issues involved, but they will be guided in their dealings by personal acquaintance with the men who are at odds. They will know individual leaders and workers and employers. They will know which are efficient or the reverse, and who is "hard-boiled" or humane. All the factors necessary to the fair and final settlement of a dispute will be ready to hand with these boards of respected experts. American men, managers or workers, do not battle for the love of it, but only as a last resort. Even in the thick of dispute they are ready enough for the right way out. Both realize the loss they are causing. And I am confident that these special men of ours would be hailed at once as this ready way out. As practical promoters of peace, these men would be a godsend to the country.

This is no idle boast when we consider the full breadth of the field these boards of expert conciliators would cover, and the real elasticity of their service. Every one of our fifty-two states and territories appoints an official or a commission whose business it is to care for the interests of labor. All our industrial states, especially, have set up machinery of one sort or another to help in the maintenance of peace in industry, or to lend whatever aid they may in the settlement of such disputes as break out inevitably. With these

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state commissions, or for that matter with any local committee, our boards of special men would co-operate, precisely as do our present conciliators, but to immensely greater effect by reason of their expert knowledge and training. I can see these special men gladly welcomed by state authorities, as having the prestige of government backing, and the still greater prestige of a national experience gained in the settlement of similar disputes all over the country. Interference with purely state or local efforts to heal any industrial breach is the last thing to be thought of; quite to the contrary, our men would aim to co-operate, to help and not to hinder.

Frequently, private agencies, committees of public-spirited citizens, undertake voluntary service in bringing the two sides to any costly deadlock to an understanding. Our special men would be of inestimable service as counselors and advisers in these efforts. Such committes would gain in the peace-making power put forth, as backed by the wide experience and understanding of our advisers. Many of our industrial plants now maintain shop committees or councils for settling matters of controversy and for setting up closer and better relations in general between management and men. On invitation, our friendly special men might sit at any of these council meetings and make themselves useful in helping to adjust any especially delicate difference, or by merely supplying information as to how these issues have been handled elsewhere in other plants.

Above all, I believe that no matter how welcome these special conciliators of ours would make themselves to state or local agencies interested in the settlement of any industrial dispute, the warmest welcome of all would come in time from the parties most concerned in such dispute—the actual makers of the war themselves. I believe that as the work of our special men becomes known at its true value, they will come to be regarded as that court of final appeal, that ultimate decision of undisputed fairness, for which the warring parties yearned even before they entered into open

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warfare, and for the very lack of which they resorted to war in the first place. This is the splendid position I see our special conciliators attaining in the world of industry.

Even this is not the full measure of their usefulness. The work of these men would tend to become always less the settlement of disputes and always more their prevention. As they entered more into the confidence of managers and men, the shadows of approaching difficulty would become apparent to them, so that timely steps, words of persuasion, calming counsel, might be used to ward off an open break. In covering these great national industries, these special men would acquire a priceless knowledge of the country, its business and working conditions, its state in general. They would know where disaffection is breeding, where groups of dangerous radicals have become active, and might see to their reform, or, if that were impossible, their breaking up.

Indeed it is, finally, their work as general educators—educators in good citizenship, good workmanship, good business—that I have in mind as the greatest good these special men could do. In time of dispute their technical training would come into use. But all the time these men of high character would greatly serve the country in the removal of industrial friction. And with the broad general intelligence we should expect them to have they would perform still another service. We all need better understanding of the other fellow. We all need to know more about the man who mines coal, or makes rails, or manages a plant, and how he does it. If we all had this wider knowledge of the things that go on outside our narrow daily round, American industry would suffer fewer abuses and have far fewer battles. Public opinion would never permit them. In talks before civic bodies, and schools, and trade organizations of all kinds, these special men would supply that needed and wanted knowledge. Disputes are far less likely to break out between men who know and respect each other's work. One of the defects of modern industrial organization is loss of the old-time personal contact and

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understanding between manager and men. These special men would serve to restore it.

I began this article with the statement that the American public is beginning to demand disarmament and peace in industry. This paper has been aimed to show one practical way of going about it. I think I can safely end it with the statement that sooner or later—and perhaps sooner than most of us expect—a great measure of industrial peace and disarmament is going to come. It is going to come for a very good reason. It is not only the public that wants peace in American industry. American industry itself wants peace.

This is a trying time, and as the newspapers pass over the vast area of industry that is at peace, as not "news," and center their attention on the strikes and lockouts that are in progress, we get an exaggerated notion of the amount of disturbance that is on foot. As Secretary of Labor, a large part of my work consists, indeed, in handling industrial differences. But the same office provides me with infinitely more and greater proofs that the single wish, on both sides of the industrial equation, is for peace and pulling together. The following single instance would convince me of that:

A certain industry in the middle west not long ago became shot through with discontent. The men were on edge for fear of sweeping reductions in wages. It was an important industry, and it was an important time for that industry to be kept going, for the moral effect it would have in stabilizing this slowly budding new prosperity that is in store for us. To have created an uproar in that industry would have meant a serious halt to that prosperity.

The situation looked good to an agitator of some note. A walk-out in that industry would have scored a point for that crack-brained meddler and his crack-brained supporters. He accordingly appeared on the scene and began his preachings. One of our conciliators also appeared on the scene. He made a simple appeal to the patriotism in the hearts of those thousand or more dissatisfied Americans. He showed them the long view—the sensible view of wait-

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ing for a later and more prosperous time in which to press for better conditions, and meanwhile working desperately in order to guarantee and hasten the coming of that more prosperous day. When the question of the walk-out came up, what happened? Nobody walked out but the agitator.

The thing proved by that single episode was not simply that the conciliator was distinctly on the job. The big thing proved was that those men, typical American workers, wanted peace. All that was necessary was to hand it to them in the right way. The one thing above all others that convinces me that we are ultimately to have peace in American industry is this discovery that the workers themselves, in the vast majority, want peace. We can have it if we go about it in the right way. And I think I have pointed out the closest approach to that way.

HIS FLOWERS

By FRANCES DICKENSON PINDER

When Christ came down from Galilee,
The flowers in His path, 'tis said,
Bowed each its eager lovely head,
From field and garden leaned to see,
When Christ came down from Galilee.

And little pagan winds that pass
In joyous commerce with the grass,
That day bore incense unto Him
From every radiant, reverent rim
Of petalled beauty to the brim.

White roses looked on Him and knew
Divine the sacrament of dew,
And as He passed, the passion-flower
Mourned for that far-off Purple Hour
When it should bloom on Calvary,
The symbol of His agony. . . .

And all the wistful, wondrous while,
His Father's flowers that knew no guile
Gave back to Him the Father's smile,
And sweetly comforted was He,
As He came down from Galilee.

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THE ARYAN QUESTION

By HAROLD H. BENDER

UNTIL the "discovery" of Sanskrit led to the foundation, a century ago, of the science of comparative philology, all peoples were traced back through the Tower of Babel to the Garden of Eden, where even the serpent spoke Hebrew, the mother of all human tongues. But when it was realized that the languages of India and Persia, and most of the languages of Europe, were descended from some common language that no longer existed, speculation soon arose as to the origin of that language and the culture of the people that spoke it. The early home of the Aryans, now better called Indo-Europeans, was variously located in India, in Bactria, or elsewhere in Asia. Their civilization was described with a wealth of detail and color and with an idyllic charm that contemporary research can only envy. Life was about like that of an out-of-the-way Swiss dairy farm, save that everybody was good and happy and at least all adults were poets.

But new elements and principles were brought into the discussion by the enormous development, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, of the biological and anthropological sciences, especially the revival of the doctrine of evolution and its extension, actually or symbolically, into almost all modern learning. To be sure, the assumption of an Indo-European "race" has gradually tended to yield to discussion of the Indo-European "type," but attempts to treat the Indo-Europeans from the point of view and with the methods of physical anthropology have by no means been abandoned. Their bodily characteristics are often described with confidence, and their racial affiliations are investigated as though it were only a matter of the interpre-

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tation of proved facts. Likewise, the discovery, within historic Indo-European territory, of numerous relics of Neolithic civilization has offered a strong temptation to view these finds outright as products of the prehistoric Indo-Europeans. And many writers have hoped to unearth the answer to the question in the field of archeology.

But the term "Indo-European," or "Aryan," represents a linguistic conception, and "the Indo-European people" is little more than an abstraction drawn from comparative linguistic investigation. Not a line of Indo-European literature has been preserved, and not a single skeleton, inscription, utensil, weapon, or other object has been identified as Indo-European. The problem is fundamentally a linguistic one, and its solution must be looked for primarily in the province of comparative philology.

By the processes of linguistic paleontology, comparative philology has built up a fairly satisfactory picture of Indo-European civilization, and we know not a little of its language, religion, political organization, and daily life. Largely by the same processes, comparative philology seems to be on the way to determine the location of the original home. Most philologists now look to Europe rather than to Asia; to the present writer the balance of probability appears to lean toward the great plain of eastern Europe that comprises, roughly, Poland, Lithuania, Ukraine, and so much of Russia as lies south and west of the Volga.

Physical anthropology and archeology may in time throw a revealing light upon the culture and the geographical location of the Indo-Europeans of the Stone Age, but it will always be difficult to determine from the examination of a skull or a stone ax what language their owner spoke in life. If the skulls or the axes of the Indo-Europeans differed in form from those of other Neolithic peoples, we do not yet know in what way. Here lies the great gulf between comparative philology and her two sister sciences, a gulf that will not be completely bridged until we can identify the Indo-Europeans racially, ascribe to them definite archæ-

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ological remains, and designate those remains by their Indo-European names.

In attempting to restore ancient Indo-European civilization the limitations of the medium in which the comparative philologist works compel him to yield at two important points to the archeologist, from whom, however, he can, as yet, obtain only indirect assistance. In the first place, comparative linguistic material carries the investigator back only to the period immediately preceding the separation of the Indo-European languages, a time when, in all probability, the parent stock already showed marked lines of cleavage, both linguistically and geographically. Even the element of time is not certain, for Indo-European chronology is far from fixed and it is probable that all the peoples did not take leave of the others at the same time. What lay back of this period of disintegration is, save for an occasional speculation, beyond the ken of comparative philology. In the second place, words, as symbols of objects and institutions, do not always carry with them complete and accurate descriptions of the things they designate. To take a modern example, the word *corn* means "maize" in America, but it generally means "wheat" in England, "oats" in Scotland, "barley" in Sweden, and "rye" in Germany. Other and older Indo-European languages likewise give us no common meaning beyond that of "grain," and we do not know from language what variety or varieties were familiar to the Indo-Europeans.

A more favorable example will show the possibilities of archeological light upon the Indo-European problem. That the ancient Indo-Europeans were acquainted with some kind of plow is proved by the occurrence of a common word in Armenian, Greek, Latin, Old Irish, Old Icelandic, Old Bulgarian, Lithuanian, and other languages. But the word itself does not tell us whether the prehistoric Indo-European implement was a forked stick or a gang-plow operated by a Ford tractor. In this case, however, there are linguistic side lights. Other stems that mean simply

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"plow" in several languages are applied here and there to various objects, such as hook-plow, the crooked piece of wood on a plow, colter, plowshare, branch or bough of a tree, horn, stake, stick, sharp wooden peg, pitchfork. This seems to imply that the Indo-European plow was wooden, hooked and pointed, but it does not describe the plow.

Archeology, however, assists comparative philology in drawing a fuller picture of the Indo-European plow and of Indo-European agriculture. Antiquarian researches show that the oldest type of plow, the so-called hook-plow, was developed out of a wooden hook used as a hoe, and that it consisted of a single limb or root of a tree with a shortened and sharpened branch. It had only two parts, the pole for drawing and the hook that broke, but did not turn the soil. In early times a handle was added if one had not been left on when the limb was cut from the tree, and numerous stones have been found among Neolithic remains which apparently had been attached to make the primitive plow more penetrating and more durable. Prehistoric wooden plows of the Bronze Age have been found in West Prussia, Jutland, and elsewhere. The plow is extremely old, but it developed very slowly. A rock carving in Sweden which belongs to the Bronze Age shows a plow of the primitive kind, but drawn by two oxen and provided with a handle. The Greeks of the eighth century B. C. must have used almost as antiquated an implement; Hesiod speaks of the farmer's cutting an oak in the forest for his plow and of there being two sorts, one in which the several parts were fastened together, and the other made of a single piece of wood. And the Persians of today use a plow that can represent but little advance over that of their Indo-European ancestors.

It seems clear that the Indo-European plow was made originally of a single natural limb of a tree, but the fact that before the separation the Indo-Europeans had names for cattle, yoke and wheeled vehicle indicates the probability that the plow was drawn by oxen.

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But the plow is only a part of the important etymological evidence by means of which it is established that the Indo-Europeans, or at least many of them, were tillers of the soil. There are also common words, chiefly European and Armenian, for harrow, furrow, seed, arable field, sickle, chaff, millstone, etc. The Indo-European problem is not materially concerned, however, with the recent general theory that agriculture precedes the nomadic life and the domestication of cattle. Nor is there any longer much value in the narrower and more philological discussion in which it is maintained on the one side that the Indo-Europeans were nomadic and cattle-raising, and on the other that they were agricultural. There is little reason to doubt that some of them were the one, and some of them the other.

There have been various explanations of the fact that common Indo-European words of agriculture are so largely restricted, in their distribution, to Europe and Asia Minor —in other words, that they do not appear more frequently in Indo-Iranian. The best assumption is that the Indo-Europeans, while still one people, were divided into two groups, the one nomadic, but occasionally cultivating the soil, the other distinctly agricultural. Such a division of one and the same folk has been pointed out by Herodotus for the ancient Scythians and the Persians, and it exists today among African tribes. With this assumption for the Indo-Europeans agrees the enormous importance of the cow in the early life of the Hindus, an importance which is obviously inherited from a much older tradition; thus a Rig-Veda word for "leader" or "chief" originally and literally meant "lord of cattle," and a word for "guardian" originally meant "cowherd." The Indo-European ancestors of the Indo-Iranians were apparently the nomadic, cattle-raising element of the original stock.

It is apparent that all this is of great importance with regard to the cultural niveau of the ancient Indo-Europeans and the location of their home. The steppes of southern Russia, for example, were especially adapted to the cattle-

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raising of nomadic peoples, but central, northern, and western Europe was heavily covered with virgin forest until medieval times; one recalls Tacitus' gloomy picture of the monotonous forests of Germany. Indo-European agriculture probably began and long continued chiefly in wooded country, especially on the borders of forests and in the alluvial soil of river valleys. It is doubtful if much land was cleared for tillage, for trees had to be felled, if felled at all, with flint axes or the adventitious use of fire.

But if comparative philology is indebted to archeology for such aid as has just been illustrated by Indo-European agriculture, there are, on the other hand, in any account of prehistoric civilization many features that can be supplied only by language. Physical remains of Neolithic culture are preserved to us only in graves, in the communal rubbish dumps known as kitchen-middens or shell heaps, and by stray chance here and there in the earth, in caves, lakes, and swamps. Only a small proportion of objects could have been put in protected places, and a still smaller proportion could have remained intact to our day. There are numerous and sometimes striking exceptions (prehistoric loaves of bread have been found in Sweden), but for the most part articles made out of such materials as wood, wool, leather, reed, bark, and bast have disappeared. Organic remains have seldom survived except when they have been charred by fire, and comparatively little is left from Neolithic times save stone implements.

Such gaps are often filled by comparative philology. When the people of the Later Stone Age did not live in caves or pits, they dwelt in huts or houses of wood (the Indo-Europeans did not know building with stone until the invading Greeks and Romans learned it from their Mediterranean predecessors), but only scanty traces of these houses have survived. Nevertheless, all the essential parts of an Indo-European house of the period can be designated and its structure described by comparative philology.

Some philologists are inclined to hand over to physical

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anthropology their main hope for a solution of the Indo-European question, and few have written on the subject without a discussion of long-headed and short-headed races (dolichocephalic and brachycephalic). More often than not they have assumed the Indo-European stock to have been tall, blond, and long-headed, much the type of the modern Scandinavians or the early Germans as they were described by classical writers.

But the cephalic index is merely a ratio. The greatest length is always assumed to be one hundred; if the breadth is seventy-five or less, the skull is dolichocephalic, otherwise it is brachycephalic. This criterion by itself is obviously unsatisfactory by reason of its limitations. To be sure, two-fourths is equal to three-sixths, but a box three inches by six inches is larger than one two inches by four inches, and may differ from it greatly in shape and value.

Moreover, whether it be among the living Chinese or in the Neolithic graves of Europe, long skulls are nearly always found with short skulls, and vice versa. The phylogenists are disposed to admit that there is a large degree of non-hereditary variability in the form of the human head, and that the cephalic index is dependent upon many causes. Even in cattle the mountains and the coasts seem to develop different types of skulls. And it may be that the Scandinavians, to whom so many scholars have pinned their faith as the type of the ancient Indo-Europeans, owe their long heads, not alone to race, but partially, at least, to hyperthyroidism and ultimately to the iodine of the seas near which they have lived, and from which they have obtained a considerable part of their food.

Certainly environment plays a sufficiently important role in these matters to confuse the issue and to prevent cranial measurements from serving, in themselves, as complete and accurate criteria of race. Likewise have failed or proved inadequate all of the numerous efforts to deduce Indo-European physical characteristics from such vague testimony as that offered by Homeric adjectives, or Assyrian

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inscriptions, or Pompeian mosaics. And when to these considerations is added the fact that so far not a single human skull has been identified as coming from the Indo-European homeland or as belonging to an Indo-European inhabitant of that land, it will be seen how futile is all discussion of a prehistoric Indo-European "type."

It is of course possible that the answer to the question will yet be dug from the earth. It has been claimed that the skulls of the old Romans did not differ in form (mixed long and short) from those of the Etruscans, but that they were materially larger. Similar indication of great cranial capacity on the part of the Indo-Europeans seems to have been found among the Iranians northwest of India. Indeed, some physical anthropologists believe that they have discovered close relationship between the Neolithic inhabitants of Europe and the Indo-Iranian type of Asia, and look, in this way, to the designation as Indo-European of the remains of the prehistoric civilization of central Europe.

This achievement has not yet been realized, but such efforts represent the kind of investigation that keeps alive the hope of ultimate success. The philologist still trusts that the physical anthropologist may provide the Indo-European labels for the finds of the archeologist, but the probability is very slight that the racial type of the primitive Indo-Europeans will ever be ascertained. Indeed, from a period so remote as to preclude identification, they may have been a conglomeration of various types and had no racial identity.

Meanwhile, however, we have the valuable and positive archeological testimony that the proethnic Indo-European civilization of Europe is impenetrable, and that central European implements indicate indigenous origin and continuous development. With almost every advance of Continental archeology the European prehistory of the Indo-Europeans retreats into remoter antiquity.

But the time has not yet come for an amalgamation of comparative philology and anthropology, even for the tem-

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porary purpose of a specific investigation like that of the home and the civilization of the Indo-Europeans. Language, culture, and race are seldom cut to the same pattern. From the archeological point of view the Indo-European question is hardly ripe for discussion. Prehistoric ethnology is a difficult field in which few certain results have as yet been reached. And comparative philology is inclined to hope that further linguistic researches within and without the Indo-European field, and especially in languages that have recently been discovered or whose Indo-Europeanism is in question, languages such as the Finno-Ugrian, Tocharian, Hittite, Lycian, Lydian, Luvian, may throw new light upon the movements and relationships of prehistoric peoples. And there is always the hope that additional Indo-European languages or other linguistic evidence may be revealed.

FINIS

By Doris Nash

Only one thing shall I lose—responsive Youth,
Only one day shall I weep—when I meet Truth.
It will be death which o'er me steals,
When pulse is sanely steady, when sense no longer reels;
When you're no longer God, no longer faith at call,
When love is only love—and there is no dream at all,
When days are only days, a trail of too full hours,
When I can smell Spring violets, and speak of them as "flowers."

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ROMANCE IN CHINESE LITERATURE

By J. P. DONOVAN

MOST of the writers on China and Chinese life lay stress on the fact that owing to the rules of propriety and the customs relating to betrothals and marriage, romantic love plays no part in the lives of the youth of that country. It has been stated that while sexual selection has influenced the advancement and development of other races, it has been inoperative in China. And, therefore, as romantic love has had no part in marriage, it may have been one of the causes of China's arrested development. A study of the Chinese classics would tend to confirm such a view, for Confucius is reported to have said that "women are as different from men as earth is from heaven." And there is no doubt that Confucianism has been responsible for the subordination of women in China, as it was in Korea and Japan.

In spite, however, of the rules of propriety and other restrictions imposed on women by Confucianism, in China as in other lands, "love knoweth no lawes." From their earliest days the children are told stories by their nurses of earthly counterparts to the heavenly lovers, the Cowherd and the Spinning Maid who are said to meet every year on the seventh of August over a bridge made of magpies' wings. Many tales are related of young men and maidens in whose lives romantic love has played a prominent part. Some of these stories are to be found in the "Classic of Poetry" which contains poems written, or rather graved, on bamboo tablets as early as 1765 B. C. Not a few of the odes were written by women while others were composed to be sung by them. As in Japan before the introduction of Confucianism, a great deal of the best literature was either produced or inspired by women.

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That in the times prior to the advent of Confucius women had more freedom and independence, and the relations between the sexes were much freer than in later times, is evident from the extracts given below from the "Classic of Poetry." It is an interesting fact that Confucius selected out of over three thousand poems which had been written before 551 B. C.—the date of his birth—three hundred and five which treat mostly of love and war. These, it is said, he sang over to his lute in order that they might harmonize with the musical style of his day. According to Sze Ma Chien, the historian (163-85 B. C.) the poems which form the "Classic of Poetry" were selected by Confucius with a view of promoting propriety and righteousness. The Sage was evidently much broader-minded than either many of his commentators or some of his foreign translators who have interpreted innocent flirtations as immoral assignations.

That "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin" will be seen from the description of the ardent and eager lover portrayed in the following stanza:

With axle creaking all on fire I went,
To fetch my young and lovely bride.
No thirst or hunger pangs my bosom rent,—
I only longed to have *her* by my side.

And that they were not ignorant of the pleasures of flirtation, and had found out long ago that "men were deceivers ever," the following will show:

Where is Tzu Chai, that jaunty lad?
With someone else to flirt and play
Amid the hemp the livelong day
Is his delight.—It is too bad.

That young couples must have met in the gloaming without the assistance of a chaperone will be seen from the following:

A pretty girl at time o' gloaming
Hath whispered me to go and meet her
    Without the city gate.
I love her, but she tarries coming;
Shall I return, or stay and greet her?
    I burn and wait.

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It is not only in the "Classic of Poetry" that love making and courting form one of the principal topics; but in Chinese fiction the heroes and heroines are portrayed with human passions and feelings like ourselves. In the course of the adventures of the leading characters in the romantic literature, both young men and maidens are thrown together in a remarkable manner, and the stories generally end by the heroes and heroines marrying and living happy ever after. As has been well said:

"The men and women whom they introduce are naturally within the circle of their passions and motives. Integrity is seen in contrast with intrigue, and honest men involved in the snares of knavery. The characters are persons of the middle classes such as magistrates, judges, councillors of state, and literary graduates. . . . Visits, and the formalities, polished statesmen, assemblies, and, above all, the conversation which render them agreeable, repasts, and the social amusements which prolong them; the walks of the admirers of nature; journeys; and in sequel, marriage—form their most frequent episodes and ordinary conclusions."

Chinese fiction is not so dissimilar to our romances as some writers would have us believe, and the similarity has been noted by such men as Sir John Francis Davis and Goethe. The following conversation is reported to have taken place between Eckermann and Goethe concerning a Chinese novel which the German poet had been reading. Eckermann said:

"It must have appeared very curious and strange."

To which Goethe replied:

"Not so much as one would suppose. The people think, act, and feel almost entirely as we do, and very soon we become familiar with their point of view; although with them everything is clearer, calmer, and more moral. In their arrangements everything is sensible, *bourgeois,* without great passion or poetical inspiration, and so is very

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similar to my 'Hermann and Dorothea,' as well as to the English novels of Richardson."

Until comparatively recent years the *beau-ideal* in Chinese novels was the hero who obtained the highest literary degrees, and who was, therefore, able to quote the Chinese classics with fluency, as well as write poetry on any given subject at a moment's notice. He is described as *sans peur et sans reproche,* being able by his physical courage to overcome all opposition when befriending and championing the cause of females in distress. Learning above all other accomplishments was considered the distinguishing characteristic of the Chinese Bayard. Neither the atmosphere of the camp nor military prowess was extolled by Chinese writers of fiction, as soldiers, until the advent of Westerners, occupied a very inferior position in the social scale. Chinese novelists had no praise for those who obtained glory at the cannon's mouth. One of their common sayings is: "Good men do not become soldiers." The dictum of neither Sophocles nor Schiller that war destroys the best was contrary to the Chinese view as to the merits of soldiers. They would not have endorsed the saying that "Napoleon peopled hell with the elite of Europe," owing to his numerous wars. But it must be said with sorrow that the opinions of the Chinese have changed since the advent of the "Mailed Fist" and other representatives of Western civilization. They have learned and experienced something of the "pride of war," and the "pest of glory."

Perhaps one of the works of Chinese fiction best known to foreigners is "Hao Ch'iu Ch'uan" or "The Fortunate Union." This has been translated into English, French, and German, and is probably the one that Goethe had been reading. It has also been used as a text book by students of Chinese owing to the faithful representation it gives of the every day life and character of the Chinese people. The hero of the story is Tieh Chung Yü, which has been rendered into English as the "Iron Duke." He had through "scorning delights and living laborious days" attained the

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distinction of being made a member of the Han Lin Yuan, or "The Forest of Pencils"—which, in other words, means he became the Senior Wrangler of his year. His father was a distinguished official and when the story opens he held the rank of being a member of the Court of Censors at Peking. The duty of a Censor was like that of the Tribune of ancient Rome—having to investigate the charges against, and criticize the acts of, officials, and if necessary those of the Emperor himself, without either fear or favor.

Tieh Chung Yü during his wanderings about the country as a traveling student had some remarkable adventures, experiences, and scrapes, always arriving at the psychological moment to rescue some female from the hands of her cruel abductor or betrayer, and by so doing incurring the hate and enmity of many a rich and powerful Don Juan. The marvelous way in which he discovered the whereabouts of beautiful women who were the victims of such men would have done credit to Sherlock Holmes. In all his contempt, daring, and defiance of danger while carrying on the gallant tasks of rescue, he retained his courtesy, respect for elders, and self-control, and observed as well all the proprieties as laid down by Confucius for the "model man."

The heroine is introduced to the readers as the only child of an official who was president of the Board of War, and owing to his position was obliged to reside in the capital, Peking. His wife being dead, his daughter, though only sweet seventeen, was left in charge of the family home, which was situated at Li Ching, in the Tsinan prefecture, Shantung, some twenty-five miles from Peking. She, being the only child, was treated more as a boy than as a girl—which is not uncommon in China, as I have known personally several official families where it was done. She had, therefore, enjoyed the same privilege as a son in receiving an education with tutors at home, which was usual in such families. By this means she had acquired a knowledge of the Chinese classics and literature which made her the equal intellectually of men senior in age to herself.

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There is no need to say that language is inadequate to describe her charms. Like many such women delineated in Chinese novels, "her figure was as graceful as bamboo, her cheeks were oval like melon seeds, her lips were like cherries, her teeth like grains of silver rice, her finely penciled eyebrows were like the antennae of a butterfly, her oblique eyes were like olives, and her tiny feet, three inches long, were like golden lilies."

The ideal of beauty and the mark of gentility for a woman used to be small feet, the compression of which was not imposed by law; but was a craze of fashion, as slender waists were at one time in England. Several accounts are given as to the origin of the custom of foot binding; but probably the following is the correct one:

It is said that Yao Niang, the beautiful concubine of the Emperor Li Yü (975 A. D.) was light and graceful in all her movements, being able to dance with ease and elegance. She gave so much pleasure to her lord and master that he caused to be made golden lily flowers with movable petals for Yao Niang to walk on from her apartments to the palace. To gratify the Emperor still further, she compressed her feet in order that they might look like a lily bud unopened, until they were three inches long. From that time, the smaller the feet the greater was the beauty and respectability of the Chinese girl. The Chinese bride used to be welcomed to the bridegroom's home in language like this:

> The bride is high browed, fair and sweet;
> Like awls her small and sharp-toed feet.

The name of our heroine was Ping-Hsin, which, while in English would be translated "Icy-Hearted," in China would be understood "as chaste as ice."

She was neither cold nor indifferent to love, which embraces the greater part of woman's life. Although she had reached the age when girls in China used to be married, owing to her being the only child she had not even been betrothed. The age when this event took place in the life

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of a girl varied; but in many cases it was negotiated when the child was an infant, by go-betweens who were generally women. There have been instances where unborn children were informally betrothed to each other, the parents agreeing that the children when born, if of opposite sexes, should become husband and wife when grown up. Usually girls were betrothed when they were between the ages of ten and fifteen, and a go-between would be commissioned by the parents of the boy, to obtain from the parents of the girl who might be eligible, her name, and the year, month, day, and hour of her birth.

These eight characters, which were sometimes copied on gold-leaf, were taken to the astrologer or fortune-teller with the eight characters of the youth, in order that the horoscope of both might be examined. The sixteen characters giving the necessary particulars respecting both aspirants to the matrimonial state, though neither would know anything about it, were arranged on a table in separate rows with a view of seeing if they harmonized. If, for example, the boy had been born under the sign of the Chinese zodiac of the dragon, and the girl under the sign of the tiger, these two emblems would be antagonistic, and, therefore, unlucky—so that no marriage could be arranged. There are many other ceremonies connected with betrothals which it would take too long to enumerate. Presents are exchanged between the two families; but in the best circles it is not accurate to say that the bride is purchased. Only concubines may be said to have been bought and there are no ceremonies connected with their marriage, if such it may be called.

Ping-Hsin, not having been betrothed, was therefore fancy-free and heart-whole when Fate brought her and Tieh Chung Yü together. For in China it is commonly believed that matches are made in heaven, and marriage is ordained by Fate, so that all who are destined to be united in the bonds of Hymen have their feet tied together by an invisible red cord. While traveling in the province of Shantung our hero was fortunate enough to meet with an

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accident near the house where Ping-Hsin lived, and so it came about that he was taken in to be nursed by the servants under the direction of the mistress of the house. During the time that the "Iron Duke" was a guest in the home of Ping-Hsin, they found many opportunities for the discussion of subjects in which they were both interested. Indulging in the feast of reason and flow of soul, as Chinese scholars did whenever they met, and while strictly observing the rules of propriety, they soon found that they were "two souls with but a single thought."

It would require a large volume to relate all the trying and wonderful experiences that this couple passed through, owing to the intrigue and machination of an evil uncle of Ping-Hsin's. His wicked designs and plans for marrying his niece to an undesirable and worthless individual, her father, being absent, were thwarted by the cleverness of Ping-Hsin, who was more than a match for all her enemies whom she had always outwitted by her superior knowledge and skill. Tieh Chung Yü had many hair-breadth escapes while carrying on his mission of opposing cruelty, injustice, and oppression in high places, and in rescuing females who were victims of bad men. The story ends as it should by a complete award of "poetical justice," the virtuous being rewarded and the wrong-doers punished. The final scene takes place in the palace at Peking before the Emperor.

> Tieh Chung Yü, his bride (Ping-Hsin) and the assembled Court then bowed and acknowledged the Imperial bounty, and the hum of joy and congratulation resembled the distant roll of thunder. The attendants had received their orders; and they filed off in pairs, the ornamental lanterns in all their radiance, the harmonious band in full sound, and the marshaled banners in their variegated splendor, escorted the renowned and happy couple as they proceeded homeward attended by a vast company.

> The choicest bud, unblown, exhales no sweets,
> No radiance can the untried gem display;
> Misfortune, like the winter cold that binds
> The embryo fragrance of the flower, doth lend
> A fresher charm to fair prosperity.

The question as to whether Chinese marriages are happy

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ones is too large a one to discuss in this article, though there is a consensus of opinion among those who know the Chinese best that on the whole, the system of leaving the choice of either a husband or wife to the parents and go-betweens has been successful. It has been said by a Chinese lady that marriage in the West often means the removal of sentimental masks of mutual consideration, while in the East it is the beginning of love. A good deal of sentimental nonsense has been written about the unhappiness of married life in China. Quarrels and misunderstandings do occur there between husband and wife, which in many cases is on account of the mother-in-law who is not always as considerate as she might be. But those who have made a study of this question are in agreement with me that in the majority of cases the homes in China are on the whole happy, and the wife, as a rule, reigns supreme in the management of the household.

Since the Revolution in 1911 women in China have been emancipated and are taking a prominent part in the discussion of all questions affecting the social and physical welfare of the rising generation. They have their own newspapers and magazines edited by women, as well as all kinds of societies which have as their object the amelioration and removal of evils in the home and state. Politics and public speaking are not above or beyond the comprehension and participation in of Chinese women.

That polygamy, and concubinage are causes of bickerings, envy and jealousies is only what might be expected, human nature in China being the same as elsewhere; but erroneous views on that subject are held in the West. It should be clearly understood that there is no such thing as plurality of wives. Concubinage, which was common among the Jews until the end of the second century, and which was not suppressed by the Christian Church until 1060 A. D., is allowed. The wife, however, when a concubine is brought into the house, continues to be supreme in the home, the concubine being legally and socially infe-

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rior to the wife. Before pronouncing an opinion on concubinage it is necessary to understand the Chinese view of marriage. This is given in the Book of Rites which is said to have been written 1200 B. C., and is as follows:

> Marriage is to make a union between two persons of different families, the object of which is to serve on one hand, the ancestors in the temple, and to perpetuate, on the other hand, the coming generation.

It will therefore be seen that the system arose from the necessity of having a son to perform the worship of ancestors after the death of the father.

As has been well said: "To get the correct point of view, we must, in fact, assume for the study of China's institutions and history the frame of mind in which we approach the lives of the Hebraic patriarchs and rulers; cheerfully accepting for them customs which we, the heirs of all ages, have decided to modify or reject."

OH, NOT IN HATE

By ROWLAND B. MAHANY

Oh, not in hate the poppies blow
In Flanders fields. The dead now know
How poor is hate to those who tread
The endless pathway of the dead—
The poppied peace of friend and foe.

Whereto shall this war's merits flow?
How shall our bright example show,
Its sacred influence be sped?
Oh, not in hate!—

The asphodels are bending low
To kiss the poppies as they grow—
Red bloom for blood that has been shed,
White for the Benediction said
Where fall the silent tears and slow,
Oh, not in hate.

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AN ATLANTIC PORT—A WAR MEMORY

By WALTER B. HAYWARD

WHEN America entered the Great War in April, 1917, the Harbor of New York promptly lost identity. Its name was jettisoned, and the Harbor became merely "an Atlantic Port," one of a dozen or more similarly designated. An embargo was laid on the Harbor's news. Arrivals and departures, names, destinations, the character of cargoes, all of that maritime miscellany which moves relentlessly with the tides were hidden behind the curtain of war which, for want of a better name, we called the Censorship. This was just and proper. The war at sea was an affair of silent, unrelenting pressure and the Harbor's business was essentially a part of that war. Its secrets must be guarded, its traffic protected. That was the dictum of the Navy—the Silent Service—which for all practical purposes controlled the Harbor, and the Censor, too, in so far as his work related to naval activity.

But there was something the Censor could not hide or even disguise. He might silence the tongue, but he could not deceive the eye. Hence we who crossed the Harbor by day and by night realized that it typified in an extraordinary degree the mighty effort which America was making. Here indeed was the starting point of a great adventure, the main artery through which flowed men, munitions and food to be carried stealthily and unobtrusively overseas. Only a few were privileged to gauge the volume and fluctuations of this stream, though all knew that its flow was never seriously interrupted.

The very mystery of the thing was fascinating and confusing. Where did the ships come from? Where did they go?

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Who moved the pieces on the nautical chess-board? Who knew? Certainly not the casual observer. And if the enemy knew or thought he knew, he must have acquired a wholesome respect for the forces which directed the Harbor's energies. At any rate, he surely knew that these forces were founded upon something which was slowly but surely throttling his power to make war. That something was the Allied command of the sea. Without it the Harbor would have resembled the deserted ports of blockaded Germany.

Few of us who went about the Harbor and watched its feverish activity appreciated the debt we owed to the men who kept the seas and maintained communications with the army in France. Lloyd George once said that the British Navy never went into winter quarters. His words applied also to the American Navy and to the merchant fleet as well. Their work went on continuously in good weather and bad, and the manifestation thereof was a changing panorama of ships and still more ships—a stirring spectacle on a scale the Harbor had never before witnessed.

All phases of the war were reflected in the Harbor's business. The record goes back to that day in August, 1914, when Berlin flashed a radio message telling German shipmasters to seek cover and remain in port until further orders. Britain promptly withdrew many of her liners and cargo carriers for war service, and the Harbor's commerce was dislocated almost over night. America realized then, as never before, her dependence on foreign bottoms, and an urgent call was sent out for ships to meet the deficiency. In time there came to the Harbor an odd fleet of unfamiliar vessels—fresh water boats from the Great Lakes, decrepit hulks from marine graveyards, foreigners with queer names from trade routes no longer profitable. Any type of ship was useful, provided she could carry cargo and keep afloat. A strange mixture of the good and the bad!

We had been told long before that the day of the sailing vessel had passed, and that there were no more deep-water seamen. It all seemed too true until the war brought them

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back to the Harbor—tall, glorious square riggers, of which thirty were counted in a single anchorage at one time, and a host of lesser craft with the American schooner predominating. Steam had not supplanted sail after all! And if deep-sea A. Bs. of the sailing school were not so numerous, at least the quality of the merchant seaman had not deteriorated, as the ruthless U-boat warfare was soon to prove.

Too little has been said in praise of the humble sailor, though the Harbor, which deals neither in heroics nor sentiment, recognized his worth and knew that he would remain steadfast and true to his calling, seeking nothing but the satisfaction of duty well done. This confidence was not misplaced. He lost his ship not once, but time and again, he saw his mates drowned, he spent bitter days of exposure in open boats, yet he returned to the Harbor to prove, as of old, that the full measure of naval power could not be exerted unless the merchant seaman carried on.

One spring day Admiral Sims sailed for England and on another day the United States was no longer a neutral but a belligerent nation. The long-expected had happened. A steel net was dropped across the Narrows and anchored; the Harbor's land defenses were strengthened; patrol boats and captive balloons watched its approaches; merchant vessels were forbidden to enter or to depart during the hours of darkness. And British and French cruisers which had kept vigil outside the port for nearly three years to intercept any German merchantmen which might venture forth were now welcome visitors and Allies. Their immediate task was done, for the ships they sought now flew the Stars and Stripes, and were soon to carry American soldiers overseas, despite the efforts of their officers to wreck their engines and make them worthless.

These were active days for the many shipyards and dry docks scattered around the Harbor. The government was ruthless and systematic. It commandeered a man's vessel, and sent her to a shipyard, where carpenters and machinists pulled staterooms and social halls apart, cast aside furniture

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and decorations, and in their place built rough bunks for the American doughboy. In a few days great liners lost their right to be called luxurious, and with difficulty the Harbor recognized them in their dress of dull lead-colored paint—humble transports now, crowded with life-rafts and fitted with long guns and the many strange devices that give character and distinction to the modern man-of-war.

There came a day when General Pershing sailed to blaze a trail for the A. E. F. in France. He was followed by technical troops and later by the first contingent of fighting men. Whispers of these events ran along the waterfront, but the Censor held them in check. Soon the troop movement, a spasmodic affair at first, became an orderly and ever-growing procession. The Port of Embarkation was Hoboken, where in other years the proud German lines had berthed their transatlantic steamers. The irony of fate had decreed that German piers and German liners should be turned to use against the German menace.

Under cover of night regiments, brigades, divisions passed through the metropolis, embarked, and were sent to sea. Sometimes at night, while the city slept, and again in the hours of daylight, the nameless transports—apparently empty, for no khaki was seen on deck—dropped down the Harbor and were gone—swallowed in a shadowy waste of water. Outside they found a rendezvous and came under the protection of the Silent Service, and after that it was a matter of chart and compass, code and wireless, so many revolutions a minute, so many knots of speed, until they made a landfall on the other side of the ocean.

There was also another type of transport—the humble cargo boat—which carried guns, high explosives, fuel oil, motor cars, locomotives and the hundred odd things used by an army in the field. She was always deeply laden, often she carried a heavy deck cargo, and at first her dress was battle grey, with many streaks of iron rust. But she was destined to suffer a sea-change, and the Harbor acquired a new word—Camouflage—now firmly established in our language.

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In its early stages marine camouflage, as applied to merchant vessels, was an odd combination of pink and blue spots intended by the artist to make the ship invisible against a background of sky and water. It failed of its purpose, as many experiments fail in war, and was discarded. Its successor was the "dazzle" scheme of large masses of contrasting color, a cubistic dream on a magnificent scale. The Harbor laughed at the apparent waste of good paint, but its skeptical mood did not linger, for very good reasons. We saw ships at anchor and could not tell whether they lay head on or stern foremost. We saw others which seemed to have three funnels when we knew they had but two. We saw ships without sterns and ships with double bows and wondered what they must resemble when a U-boat skipper trained his periscope on them. It was in fact a confusing triumph of artistic distortion, carefully and admirably carried out.

The Harbor had its spy scares, on more than one occasion it felt the effects of huge explosions of munitions, and the waterfront had many tales to tell when the Germans sent a submarine on a voyage of destruction along the coast nearby. But these were mere incidents to be forgotten quickly, for every day saw greater perfection in the transport and convoy service, which was the only thing that counted in the minds of those who kept the ships moving. Meantime American troops had completed their training overseas and had gone into the line. The war machine had found new fodder to grind. Casualty lists, at first insignificant, grew in volume until the back-wash of battle began to roll toward the Harbor aboard hospital ship and transport.

The coming of the wounded was in a way the final test of the Harbor's organization. Every precaution was taken to handle the men quickly and tenderly and to avoid distressing incidents. But the very presence of broken soldiers brought America closer to the grim realities of war, arousing deep sympathy and exalting the national spirit. America had learned to suffer as France and England had

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suffered during the long black years of war and destruction.

The months passed, the war ended abruptly, and the Harbor readjusted itself without ceremony. An Atlantic Port it remained in reality, but its name was New York Harbor. The Censor's work was done, and men could again "pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions" with lights ablaze and no hidden fear in their hearts.

Not long afterward the Harbor gave a glorious welcome to the victorious doughboy. Departing, he was stowed away in silence between decks, a homesick lad from city, mountain, and prairie, not yet wholly familiar with the ways of the Army. Returning, he spread himself in yellow masses, crowding decks, rigging, rails; maintaining a precarious hold on funnel stays, and boat covers—a first class fighting man, cheering, whistling, singing, because it was good to see the Harbor and good to be home.

THE EARTH-DWELLER

By HELENE MULLINS

Because I play in the sun,
Do you think its rays
Never scorch me?

Because I laugh at life,
Do you think it never thrusts
Its sharp point
Into my heart?

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WHAT OF THE SALES TAX?

By DARWIN R. JAMES

BUSINESS men generally believe that all our tax tribulations—and they are many—could be solved at one stroke by the institution of a tax on all sales, provided the rate were low. While they believe that such a tax should be the sole tax on business, it should be remembered at all times that they are warmly in favor of a tax on personal incomes. As will be shown later on, the Business Men's National Tax Committee plan has two branches of which the sales tax is supplemental to the tax on personal incomes.

Several types of sales tax are favored. These are:

The Canadian sales tax, which is levied only on manufacturers and wholesalers.

A tax on retail sales only.

A tax on the sales of all goods, wares and commodities at every point.

An all-inclusive turn-over tax, embracing sales of goods, wares, commodities, capital assets, public and personal service corporations, and all sales save those of choses in action, which are evidence of property merely.

The last named sales tax is the one which has the support of the Committee for several reasons: It is logical and consistent, because it taxes all business, and taxes all in the same manner and at the same rate. It covers the entire area of business and will produce the greatest amount of revenue at the lowest rate, thus spreading the tax burden evenly and without discrimination. It has all the virtues of the other types of sales taxes and none of their weaknesses. It is advocated as the only tax on business, because it is the only sales tax that will bring in sufficient revenues to make possi-

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ble the repeal of profits taxes and the mass of other taxes under which business is now being stifled. Its maximum rate should be one per cent. When this is first presented, the reply is almost invariably that if there are ten steps the tax will amount to ten per cent on the final price. This, however, is far from being the fact. In the case of a rubber automobile tire retailing at thirty-five dollars and ten cents the tax levied on eleven operations, from crude rubber and raw cotton to the finished tire sold by the retail dealer to the consumer, amounts to but $1.144, or 3.26% of the retail price. In most cases there are not so many turn-overs, and the tax is rarely more than two and one-half per cent of the retail price. Similar computations have been conscientiously worked out on a pair of men's shoes, a suit of men's clothing, taffeta silk, cotton tissue, overalls, heavy service gloves, granulated sugar, etc., with the same result.

In all these computations the supposition has been that the entire tax on each turn-over would be passed on and reflected in the final selling price. In actual practice, however, the tax would frequently be absorbed. In Canada, where the tax is levied on sales by manufacturers and wholesalers, it is actually often absorbed, and in West Virginia, which has recently adopted a sales tax, it is said also to be absorbed. This would be particularly true of manufacturers whose margin of profit is naturally substantial. Cash discounts run from one-half of one per cent to five per cent. Often a one per cent tax could be absorbed, possibly by reduction in the cash discount. In actual operation, therefore, it is safe to assume that the one per cent turn-over tax would rarely amount to more than two per cent of the retail price, and often it would be less.

If all this is true, why can we not secure the institution of this system of business taxation? Opposition to it comes principally from labor and farmer organizations, and from some professional economists.

The farmers and wage earners mistakenly believe that they are not now paying consumption taxes and that a

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general sales tax would increase the cost of living for them. The fact is that the cost of commodities would probably decrease with the imposition of a general turn-over tax, if it were the *sole* tax on business. If we are to continue all the tax burdens which business is now carrying and add to them a tax on sales, then, of such, such fears are well founded. The advocates of the general turn-over tax, however, favor the abolition of all war-time taxes on business, with the new turn-over tax to be substituted as the sole tax on business.

This statement usually elicits the remark that business wishes to escape all income taxes and to lay the burden on the shoulders of the consumer. This is another erroneous impression. "Business" is a very impersonal institution and exists for the avowed purpose of making profits. All the profits of business eventually find their way into the pocket or bank account of some man, woman or child. The proper place to tax income, therefore, is when it reaches the possession of a human being and becomes personal. For this reason the advocates of the general turn-over tax have a double string to their tax bow: the second and most important is a tax on personal incomes.

Our present Revenue Law has demonstrated the fallacy of high surtaxes. We believe, therefore, that the income tax should start at a low rate on small incomes, that the rate should gradually increase on larger incomes, and ought never be so high as to discourage investment in taxable securities. The rate should not exceed thirty per cent and should be lower if possible. All these details, of course, must be determined by the needs of the government for revenue, and those needs should be kept within the bounds of reason by the exercise of strict economy.

Under the Revenue Act of 1921 the highest surtax rate is sixty-five per cent and in 1922 it is to be fifty per cent. Is there any man living who, in times of peace, gladly and patriotically turns over to his government one-half or more than one-half of his income, to be spent in channels over

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which he has no control and of which he often disapproves? Such a man is only obeying natural human instincts when he seeks refuge to an extent as great as possible from this excessive levy. He therefore invests as much of his money as he can in tax-exempt securities, to the great detriment of legitimate interests which are starving for lack of new capital.

This is a statement which the farmer and wage earner regard with suspicion; but which the banker and business man, however, know to be absolute fact. Only recently the newspapers carried the report of a great fortune, amounting to something over thirty millions of dollars, about one-half of which was invested in Liberty Bonds and other tax-exempt bonds. Five per cent, or even four and one-half per cent, on this great sum amounts to about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars of tax-free income, which comes home to stay. Had it been invested in stocks at six per cent or real estate at ten per cent the income, though greater, would have to be split "fifty-fifty" or worse with Uncle Sam.

The taxes now laid on business have a most unhappy effect on the consumer because they are indefinite. During the government investigation of "profiteering" under the Lever Act, when retail prices were probably at the peak, a representative of the Department of Justice stated that 23.2 per cent of the then retail prices was due directly to taxes. Those were profit taxes and excess profits taxes which business had to pay and the amount of which no man could know beforehand, because no man could tell what his profits were going to be before they had accrued. The men in business therefore estimated their profits—often over-estimated them, perhaps—and the tax thereon was reflected in the selling price, as it always has been and always will be whenever that is possible. Whether this excessive rate of 23.2 per cent persists at this time is doubtful; but it is safe to assume that business is still passing its taxes on to the consumer.

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The proposed general sales tax, definite, low, universal, with its result of two and one-half and three per cent of the retail price, is a happy contrast to taxes on business profits.

Another fact which the farmer and wage earner does not understand is that taxes levied on business do not rest where they fall. The business man, however, knows only too well that if this were not the fact very few commercial houses, with the varying hazards they have to meet, would ever accumulate a surplus sufficient to tide them safely over the shoals and through the rapids of bad years and recurrent depression.

What is good for the farmer is good for business, and what is good for business is good for the farmer. In a close knit civilization such as that of our time, all classes are interdependent and all should work together. One cannot successfully oppress the rich, the poor, or the middle class. All must share in the financial and moral support of the government to which they owe allegiance. When the rich are oppressed by excessive taxation, they seek refuge as we have shown. When the poor are oppressed by excessive taxation, as they have been but too often in the world's history, they, too, seek redress in their own way. When the middle class are oppressed by taxation they cease to spend and we have a buyer's strike, such as that from which we are only now emerging. It is to the interests of all the people therefore (for we have no classes) that this country should have a system of taxation which shall be so widely spread over the entire taxable area as to bear lightly on everyone, yield sufficient revenues for the government, and cause as little hardship as possible to the ultimate consumer.

Such a system, we believe, is embodied in the dual plan outlined:

First: A tax on personal incomes, beginning with two thousand five hundred or five thousand dollars, at a very low rate, with liberal exemptions for dependents, and gradually increasing to a point not exceeding thirty per cent.

Second: A sole tax on business, to be levied at a rate not

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to exceed one per cent on sales of every kind, beginning at six thousand dollars per annum and exempting anything below that figure.

This exemption would protect those of limited means who would indirectly pay taxes on their purchases; it would exempt the majority of farmers; and would keep the administration of the law within bounds.

Its administration would be so simple that the force of accountants and clerks now employed in figuring and checking tax returns could be radically reduced, and so decrease the need for revenue. It would be so simple to understand that individuals and business would no longer be compelled to seek and pay for expert advice in figuring their tax liability. This last virtue becomes important when it is remembered that a former Commissioner of Internal Revenue has made the statement that it cost the government twenty-five million dollars to collect the tax and it cost the citizens one hundred million dollars to pay it. In spite of one hundred million dollars' worth of expert advice, however, so many erroneous returns have been filed that the government has been collecting fabulous sums each year in back taxes, due, as they have specifically stated, to innocent error. It would seem to any person of ordinary intelligence that a law so difficult to interpret should for that reason alone be discarded.

Our present system of taxation was framed during the stress and hurry of a great war when the first consideration was revenue quickly obtained. It contains many inequities, is needlessly complex, and has very few friends. It is time that our country were placed on a peace-time basis and one of the quickest means of accomplishing that result would be the institution of a stable and simple revenue law.

The general turn-over tax is not an experiment. It has been in force in the Philippine Islands since 1905, and is the most popular and satisfactory tax they have.

The sales tax in Canada is also working satisfactorily, although it is not a general tax. It is confined to manufac-

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turers and wholesalers and does not affect other dealers. Such a tax paves the way to many complications, as it is not always simple to draw the line between wholesaler and retailer, or between manufacturer and wholesaler.

The general turn-over tax as the sole tax on business has much in its favor. It is uniform and equitable. If one business is taxed, all businesses should be taxed and in the same manner. In times of peace there should be no artificial restraint put upon any legitimate trade, because every line of trade is essential to the general prosperity of the country.

ON THE HIGHWAY

By JUDITH TRACTMAN

I often see travelers
On the Highway,
Sighing and sobbing,
Wandering along with stumbling feet,
Their memories in a pack upon their shoulders
Bent double under the weight.
They are always looking forward
Into the past.

I am young; I have no memories.
In the light pack on my shoulders
You will find only dreams,
Sun-splashed and wind-wafted.
They are so buoyant and so many in number,
That often they lift me up, up and away;
And it is so hard to touch the dust again,
The fine, heavy white dust of the road.

Once I asked a traveler
On the Highway
Why he staggered so under his pack of memories
And where were his dreams?
And still sighing and sobbing
And looking forward into the past,
He said,
"A few have turned to memories
That I carry in my pack,
Most of my dreams have powdered to dust,
The dust on your feet in the Highway."

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THE TRANSGRESSOR'S EASY WAY

By BURDETTE G. LEWIS

MODERN institutional administrators are not surprised by so-called crime waves. Their experienced assistants and associates have been predicting them, and worse still to come, unless there is an immediate and far-reaching revival of fundamental religious instruction, a vast improvement in preventive health work, in educational work and in hospital and institutional administration. There is little justification for the sentimental prison reformers' charge that institutional people want to keep men and boys in jail all the time, nor for the short-sighted views of certain judges' and incompetent police officials' assertions that institutional authorities want to let everybody out of jail. The causes for crime waves cannot be reduced to such simple terms, although candor compels the admission that there is some truth in these assertions and these claims.

A few years ago many people professed to be very much amused by a statement of Chief Magistrate William McAdoo that the future stability of New York City was endangered by the "fish-eyed" army of incompetent, untrained, unstable, godless youth of the city. Those who know what was and is going on underneath the surface know he uttered a terrible truth and that New York and our other great cities were "sowing the wind and would reap the whirlwind," for despite the wonderful services of the public and private social and welfare agencies of the cities, these efforts are, and were not, sufficient to overcome agencies working in the opposite direction.

For eight years I watched the eighty thousand odd different individuals who passed yearly through the police pre-

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cinct station houses and jails of the city of New York, and for more than two years of that time was responsible for the whole administration of the Department of Correction of the city of New York under the late Mayor Mitchel. This work brought me into intimate contact with the great army of misfits, untrained, unstable and unfortunate boys and girls, men and women, whose vices, misfortunes and miseries are always of compelling interest. At the beginning of the Mitchel administration, comprehensive studies were instituted to determine the reason of all this, which at the end of the Mitchel administration in New York City were begun in the State of New Jersey and have been carried forward since that time. What then have these investigations to say about so-called crime waves? We hear it said that our youths went overseas, fought a war, grew accustomed to the use of weapons and to murder and slaughter, and came back ready and willing to do the same whenever personal misfortune or unmet desires afforded plausible excuse or opportunity. It is said that notorious criminals are not adequately punished, are sent to jail only to be released to begin preying upon the community again. It is also said that certain youths, deprived of alcohol, take to drugs and then commit offenses with impunity. Others assert that abnormal, subnormal, warped and under-developed mentalities are played upon by the modern newspaper, by the modern motion pictures, by the modern agitators and take up crime as a modern adventure. Let us examine each of these.

The country was shocked by the Wanser case in Chicago, where a famous overseas veteran murdered his young wife and so-called "ragged stranger" in cold blood, and then went out and sat on a park bench with his sweetheart of the streets, and in a few hours wept in the arms of his wife's mother over the tragic end of his wife at the hands of an alleged unknown desperado in the hallway of their apartment. There have been other crimes committed by veterans of the World War, but it is very doubtful if participation

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in the war is a considerable immediate cause of the crime wave. A study of the records of highwaymen and other robbers, who have committed atrocious murders in the course of robberies, shows that a large proportion of them are youths of from sixteen to twenty years of age, who are apparently inexperienced young men who were never overseas nor, because of their age, were ever in a draft army camp. Unquestionably, they come from the "fish-eyed" army, whose ranks are filled by the untrained, unstable, godless youth of our godless cities. Several of them have recently lost jobs in plants, which paid them salaries in excess of those received by the principals of many of our high schools, by many head professors in our colleges, and by the mayors of many of our villages. The world unrest, the ceaseless agitation, and the wild assertions of alien agitators have been too much for them.

How about the notorious old time criminal? More frequently he lurks in the background as a brigadier general of the "fish-eyed" army. He despises the methods of the petty larceny thief and is too wise and far-seeing to endanger his future liberty by unnecessary murder and terrible violence. Having a high regard for his profession, he despises these methods and recognizes the fact that they leave open trails which have only to be followed to lead to his undoing.

Intelligent students of crime recognize the ability of the big crook to fool the general public most of the time. He creates the public opinion about correctional institutions and about the police, and thus out-generals our police and prosecuting attorneys who, as contrasted with him, are in his judgment mere "birds of passage" and "bungling incompetents." None better than he recognizes how old-fashioned, under-manned, poorly equipped, bastile-like prisons make a mockery and a cruel jest of sentences imposed by stern and determined judges, who hope to vindicate the law by long sentences to hard labor, for he knows that most of our prisons are dens of idleness, grotesque monstrosities, which never have been and never can be operated in the

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manner which a large portion of the public expect them to be.

Most people actually know more about the planets than they do about the real inside facts concerning one of these old-fashioned institutions. The warden of one of these institutions thinks he runs it, but that is only an illusion created by the clever criminals behind prison walls, who are always good prisoners because they know it pays them to be good, and who let the newcomers and the so-called "boobs" appear to be the agitators and breakers of rules. This clever man or woman knows how easy it is to get rid of an honest officer by framing him up and knows full well how the domination of a crooked prison officer is like child's play. Incarceration of these clever men in the old-fashioned prison too frequently is productive of little, for such men have little respect for laws and for institutions of which they can make sport.

Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence never contemplated the existence of these criminal bands led by such resourceful criminals. As Dean Roscoe Pound has pointed out, Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence pre-supposes a prosperous agricultural community, where people commit crimes in moments of passion and that their propensities are all in favor of law and order—whereas the truth is, our cities are teeming with criminal bands for whom this Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence was never intended—men who kill a man for one hundred dollars and beat him half to death for twenty dollars—who rob, steal and instigate others as an every day occupation. Clever and resourceful as the criminal is, he turns every safeguard of our Constitution, of our rules of evidence, and of our court procedure into a shield to protect himself. One of his chief shelters is the constitutional provision that a man accused of a crime cannot be required to testify in his own case for fear he may degrade or incriminate himself. Modify this provision and authorize the Legislature to pass reasonable statutes limiting the conditions under which such a man may be required to testify in his own case, and you

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strike a tremendous blow at the professional criminal and his side partner, the crooked criminal lawyer, who receives an annual retaining fee frequently from these criminal bands.

There cannot be any question that drug addiction is provocative of crime. No young man can possibly earn enough to buy drugs to satisfy his cravings for narcotics once he acquires the drug habit. Heroin, particularly, seems to destroy all moral qualities and to leave a man unmoral. Steal he must, if he is to make a living. More crocodile tears have been shed over the poor drug addict, who, according to the sentimentalist, must not be arrested and put under any restraint, but must be sent to a hospital. This is another instance where public opinion, created by the professional criminal, dominates the situation to the injury of the poor addict. Every drug addict should be placed under the jurisdiction of some department of correction where there are a body of law, judicial decisions, and methods of treatment which alone make it possible to deal adequately with the unmoral youth addicted to the use of heroin.

It is impossible to handle him in the hospitals for the insane or in the modern hospital with other patients. He has little moral sense, no regard for his fellows, and therefore is incapable of general hospital discipline. The only place for him is a farm-colony hospital institution, where he may be handled and kept in custody for a period of from fifteen months to two and one half years, and is helped until he is weaned away from his old associates and built up physically and mentally, so that he may withstand the temptations which arise in his path after discharge. Then he should be released from such institution under careful supervision, only to a place which the paroling authorities indicate is safe for him. As for drugs themselves, there is only one way to stem the tide, and that is by international agreement, which we urged upon the Balfour and Viviani Commissions, which visited this country during the war,

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and later upon Congress when the war-time prohibition enforcement was up for consideration.

What about the feeble-minded, the unstable and the under-developed? There can be no doubt that these elements predominate in the "fish-eyed" army. The remedy for them is too long a story, but suffice it to say that preventive medicine, modern industrial and vocational education, and modern institutional institutions must be encouraged, developed and extended if we are to reduce the cost of this great, growing army, which, if these tendencies are not checked, will undermine the country. I don't wish to be sensational or to exaggerate, but I say deliberately that unless we have radical extensions in our preventive health work, in education and in modern institutions, these unstable elements will either seriously reduce our strength or overwhelm our noblest efforts.

Modern recreational and leisure time activities must satisfy the demands of the youth of the land for adventure and self-developing activity. We must show blue law zealots that "the Sabbath was made for man" and that there is no Christian sanction for laws which send the city youth of the land to back alleys, to reeking rookeries, to speakeasies, to cider stubes and cellars, where the well-meaning zealots never see them. We must secure the co-operation of the motion picture theatres, of the operators of commercial and other amusements and see to it that all recreational facilities are operated in the public interest. Open games in the open air must be encouraged, and the gang spirit diverted from criminal pursuits to wholesome conservative activities.

The New York City indeterminate sentence and parole law of 1915 offers the most promising solution of the problem of institutional treatment of the offender. These principles should be extended to the state prisons in New York and other states. That would help end the domination of prisons by the professional criminals in and out of prison, whereby the most notorious criminals win the greatest con-

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cessions and secure the earliest release upon parole. Under its terms the court imposing sentence has a veto power over parole. Every prisoner under its terms is entitled to parole at some time and the mistaken definite sentence with its recognition of the "eye for an eye" policy is definitely made impossible. This law, if properly extended and administered, would make intelligent administration of institutions possible and would give authority to keep the habitual criminal and the defective delinquent under supervision for life, if necessary.

Adequate modern training and reformatory institutions should be provided and properly manned. The very great weakness of our inferior criminal courts, corrected by the Page Law in New York City in 1910 and by recent legislation in Detroit, are indications of the need for the reorganization of our inferior criminal courts everywhere, if crime is to be punished quickly and adequately. The modernization of our police systems is imperative if crime is to be prevented and detected. This means co-operation with the schools, churches, playground departments, health departments, and social agencies generally. Under such a plan police administration becomes a great constructive force.

DISAPPOINTMENT

By ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

I went out on the road,
But as far as I could look
Up and down its length,
There was no one at all—
And even the footprints in the dust
Seemed all pointed away.

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AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

RECENTLY we asked a distinguished American writer of fiction if there were not some way to make the movies "better and cleaner," and quite complacently he wrote back, from the interesting town of Los Angeles, that his main concern was how "to make the clergy better and cleaner."

If this man were without scholarly inclination, or if he were one of the degenerate crew who have confounded license with liberty, we would pass over his remark as insignificant, but we have known him for years as a man of scholarly inclination and ordinarily of good taste, and it was a shock to realize that he has come to regard himself as one of those who bitterly resent the public giving any attention to those serious men of the pulpit who, day in and day out, on a miserly stipend, are working to get the people to realize that they have souls and minds.

The fact of a third edition of Joseph S. Auerbach's "Essays and Miscellanies" is grateful evidence of the fact that people will turn to a man who is interested in the deeper aspects of life provided he can express his reactions with the charm and clarity that mark all of Mr. Auerbach's writing. The country—yes, and the world, needs much more writing of the Auerbach kind and needs a great deal less of the movie-fiction kind, and surely none of the impertinence of the movie profession as to moral problems and the religious responsibilities of our day.

Mr. Auerbach's essay on "The Bible and Modern Life" will, of course, not appeal to those who are writing movie scenarios, or to those who rush ardently to the defense of the drama whenever Al Woods is mentioned. Nor will it appeal to those who feel that only on Broadway there is "life." But the vast majority of men and women in America are better than movies

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and the characters that are depicted in the movies. The great majority of American men and women have little understanding of what Broadway means, and if they did, would regard it with horror and disgust. If these men and women have turned away from religion and are not reading the Bible as they did in the days of yore, it is not because their lives are licentious—it is because they have been swept up in the whirl of individualism, materialism, and indifferentism that marks our strenuous time and complicated civilization.

People will go back to Bible reading again—they are going back to it. For as Mr. Auerbach says in a fine paragraph:

"The Bible, rightly understood, is the story of the fashioning of men from feeble beginnings to great issues; the toughening of the fibre of character, and the emancipation, through suffering and humiliation and defeat and captivity and exile, from the bondage of idolatry and littleness to moral triumph and spiritual excellence. To those who know the Bible it is a storehouse of priceless possessions, without which men would be poor indeed. In it is bound up not only the richest treasure of our Anglo-Saxon speech, but the highest religion of the world—the story of the struggle of man to understand his destiny and to ally himself with what is unseen and eternal."

Men are struggling today to understand their destiny and to ally themselves with what is unseen and eternal. What is needed is leadership—leadership that will not hesitate to land with heavy hand on the loose-fibred champions of so-called art, behind which there is usually nothing more than an insatiable craving for vulgarity.

* * * * *

In Washington we have heard perplexed persons debate the important question whether Frank A. Munsey, the editor of *The Herald,* was on his way in, or coming out of the Republican party. His fight against the Bonus Bill and the stupidities of the Republican representatives in Congress has met with the support of most business men, but many Republicans are distressed at his attitude on other points of party policy. That a man as close as Mr. Munsey was to Colonel Roosevelt should lend himself to the anti-Newberry propaganda to the extent of suggesting that the Senator

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should resign and try the elections again, only shows how insidious is the Wilson campaign which is being carried on in the country, but particularly in New York City, where certain cliques of the so-called fashionable set are industriously at work trying to revive the League of Nations campaign. Unfortunately, Mr. Munsey is susceptible to these very influences. Strange thing that this Maine native who came to New York with little more than a valiseful of manuscripts, and has made his way to millions and influence, should be so susceptible to the opinion of people who are of so little inherent worth! Strange, too, that he should be so enthusiastic in preserving the scions of the old New York families. Indeed, most of them are being preserved—in alcohol!

* * * * *

There is no particular reason why the Tenth Congressional District of Wisconsin should be less adequately represented than any other district in the country, but such apparently is the unfortunate case. Here is one of the best sections of the state with a population of several hundred thousand Americans who have every right to expect that the man that they send to Congress would not distinguish himself by his persistent denunciations of wealth and of business.

Congressman James A. Freer is the type one might expect to find coming from the socialistic and anarchistic districts of the worst sections of New York, but as a matter of fact, Freer is a man of little intelligence and apparently no understanding of economic questions. That he should disagree with Secretary Mellon on a matter of taxation is perhaps understandable, for his biography shows that he has had comparatively little education; but a man who has lived in Washington as long as Freer has, ought to realize that his constituents must resent the idea that he is lacking in courtesy, and ruthlessly disregards the rules of conduct that mark the man of breeding.

We believe that if the people of the Tenth Congressional District of Wisconsin realized that their representative was creating the impression that the doctrines of Lenin and Trotzky were acceptable to them, and that they believed in the confiscation of property, they would resent it just as sharply as would any other American community.

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DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*AMERICA'S ROADS OF IRON**

ALL constructive thinking men and women, in all conditions of life, should read Dr. Dixon's volume. Especially should every student in our universities and colleges sift the facts and truths given in this work. Here is a college professor who knows exactly what he is talking about. He is not a theorist, nor a faddist. He presents stone-wall facts and truths. It is reckoned that there are two hundred and fifty billion dollars of industrial wealth in the country; that there are twenty billion dollars invested in the railroads. Ergo, eight per cent, or the twenty billion, are doing the work of transportation and keeping alive the two hundred and fifty billion dollars of wealth in the nation. Ergo, inasmuch as the two hundred and fifty billion dollars of wealth are dependent upon the twenty billion, or eight per cent, why should not the ninety-two per cent do everything to make possible the eight per cent as a going concern? These figures and thoughts are not in Dr. Dixon's volume; yet this thought is consistent with a thorough reading of Dr. Dixon's masterly presentation of the railroad problems of our country.

And why should not the women be interested in the solution of our railroad problem? There are presented in this volume about every side of the railroad affirmative, every feature of the labor affirmative, with their natural negatives; the problem of rates; the various conflicts of jurisdiction, state and interstate; regulation of wages and working conditions; rate regulation; administrative activities, and all chapters portray a practical, sound knowledge of the railroad problems confronting our country. There are no hypothetical or superficial theories, just sound facts and common sense—common sense for the railroad man, for the financier, for the labor man, for the shipper, for those in our homes—as it can be amply demonstrated that every householder, man and woman, is dependent upon the railroads of our country for every domestic article, no matter how minute, that comes to their doors. The history of the Interstate Commerce Commission and its activities and powers from its inception in 1887 to the present day are plainly set forth. The facts of twenty-six months of government control as contrasted with private operation before and after the world war are made clear and understandable.

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* "Railroads and Government—Their Relations in the United States, 1910-1921," by Frank Haigh Dixon. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Of all the many volumes on the railroad problems of our country that I have been compelled to read for a decade, I feel utterly conscientious in saying that Dr. Dixon's work is more instructive, more lucid, and vastly of more importance to the people of our country than any other. It is the very latest word on this mighty subject. Speaking of the future, Dr. Dixon says:

"It is apparent to anyone who has followed the history of the relations of government to railroads as told in the preceding pages that the so-called 'railroad problem' has not yet been solved. We have advanced from step to step, steadily increasing the authority of the government and enlarging the area of its exercise. But we have not reached the goal. The public is not at the present moment enjoying efficient transportation service at satisfactory rates, nor is there any assurance that the basis has been laid for the preservation even of such service as we had before the war. We are not convinced that capital is ready in a practical way to back this industry and provide it with the funds needed for its growth. What, then, must we look for in the future? We are obviously in a state of unstable equilibrium. Can we adjust our present structure by modifications here and there and thus stabilize it for a considerable time ahead, or must we resort to revolutionary methods and cast aside our present system for something fundamentally different? Upon this question opinion divides."

Dr. Dixon believes that the future development of our railroads is based upon the acceptance of the following propositions:

"The railroads of the country cannot be operated privately without earnings sufficiently generous to insure a constant stream of new capital into the industry. This rate of return cannot be stated with accuracy, but it is probable that at present it must be as high as six per cent on the investment.

"If six per cent cannot be earned, it follows that inasmuch as the railroads must be operated, government aid will have to be sought. Government aid means taxation, and this means inevitably government ownership, and probably government operation. Government ownership would be a hazardous experiment; government operation would be disastrous.

"No assurance is possible that under existing conditions six per cent can be earned continuously at present rates. Higher rates are inadvisable and probably would be less productive; many rates are now too high. It follows, therefore, that the necessary earnings must be assured through savings in operating expense. This means in brief the development on a national scale of a programme of efficient and economical operation.

"The results sought cannot be attained by any of the minor economies frequently suggested and practised. They must come through a nation-wide introduction of methods of co-operation."

It is a positive fact that fifty-five millions of our people are interested in

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the success of American railroads, either through work or investments; that many of our publicists believe that within the next fifty years our population will be two hundred and fifty millions—and what more important subject could there be for a right understanding than that of the railroads of our country?

—EDWARD G. RIGGS.

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*EXIT, THE BOUDOIR—ENTER, THE OUTDOORS**

READ merely as a work of fiction, this story arouses an interest which gradually deepens to enthusiasm as the book tightens its grip on you and its various excellencies are the clearer seen. Amidst the shoddy and unsound novel making which surrounds us today, it stands forth like a veritable Pharos from a stormy sea.

I am not in the habit of using the superlatives of laudation, but here is an instance where niggardliness and reservation seem uncalled for: "Vandemark's Folly" is not only good fiction; it is a creatively fine performance. A veteran western farmer dictates to a grandchild (the footnotes supplied by her are a part of the artfulness of the effect) the narrative of his life. He begins as a humble Dutch lad on an Erie canal boat, and you follow him through his many piquant hardships there, accompany him on his romantic trek to Iowa and share the adventures involved in his becoming a pioneer agriculturist and finally one of those prosperous early settlers (with Vandemark Township named after him) who have made the locality the garden spot it is today. Rarely at any time has fiction been written which so gains the credence of the reader. You believe in and sympathize with Jacob, you participate in all that happens to him, and you smell the fresh scent of the mother earth from which he wrests success against so many odds. It is all richly, beautifully human, with a wholesome out-of-doors atmosphere enveloping it. What a comfort, after living in the tainted boudoir air of so much of current fiction, from which you emerge feeling as if you had stale sachet powder on your soul!

The boy's touching devotion to his mother, living and dead, his love affairs culminating so happily at the book's end, the gallery of his fellow humans, as relishable for range and variety as that earlier gallery of "The Canterbury Tales"—nothing could be more vivid and appealing. The description of the prairie fire, or that of the great snow storm where the hero and his girl nearly lost their lives, yet found their love—such things have a sort of "Pilgrim's Progress" flavor. It is all firm art and fine human nature. And the effect is secured by the craftsmanship where art conceals itself—*ars celare artem*. It is done through the medium of a style splendidly vernacular in its homely, picturesque simplicity. In this respect, Mr. Quick's is a genuine achievement. In reading, I was continually sent back to Defoe or to Benjamin Franklin in his autobiography for a parallel.

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* "Vandemark's Folly," by Herbert Quick. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

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It is delightful as a feat of language; but also as a piece of life. The psychology is as sound as an Oregon apple.

But this fiction is again of value as chronicle-history. It is an American document, authentic and instructive; a partial picture of the great epic of our native settlement; for Americans, therefore, to read it is alike a pleasure and a duty. Prophecy is ticklish business; but I venture to guess that a novel like this cannot fail of a very wide hearing.

—Richard Burton.

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*THE KINGDOM OF THE MIND**

DOWN the long rampageous centuries Man has brought with him his trials and vicissitudes, which, intermingling with his temporal joys and flighty happinesses, have gone toward making up the full life as we today know it and as our hardy ancestors knew it. Chief among his troubles have been harassing bodily ills, malignant diseases, and scarring scourges which have uprooted and hunted him since the first Neanderthal man crawled from the slime. Through the cataclysmic ages we may search only to have revealed Man's virtual submission to physical ravages—all too dreaded in the primitive past and, until recently, without a formidable scientific combatant to lessen their sway. Such a dominance did the world of pain hold over the ancient mind, indeed, that we find Aristotle and more latterly his protagonist, Schopenhauer, propounding the philosophical: "Absence from pain is true happiness (positive)."

Dr. Josephine A. Jackson and Helen M. Salisbury, in collaboration, have bequeathed to the intellectual world a distinctly valuable addition in "Outwitting Our Nerves," which treats of psychotherapic advance among the medical fraternity, with its proven concomitant relief to the present harried generation, and delineating all too scantily, in spite of the book's noble vision, the benefits to which posterity will fall heir, through the painstaking research of medical psycho-analyists. To this humane calling the volume is a literary monument and the reviewer's thoughts soar in an effort to get even the faintest mental picture of what the future has in store with a world in control of learned therapeutists.

That the human mind is supreme over all other forms of bodily tenantry is acknowledged by physician and layman alike. The authors bring out lucidly the amazing fitness of the mental side of Man to cope with, and more than offset, handicapping physical troubles.

"Outwitting Our Nerves" is really an advanced primer of psychotherapy; it discusses sex-neuroses and the mystical sublimation of creative energy lacking the proper outlet.

—Osborn F. Hevener.

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*"Outwitting Our Nerves," by Jackson and Salisbury. The Century Co.

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WAS AMERICA DECEIVED?*

THE author of "The Great Deception" sets out to interpret the meaning and mandate of the 1920 national election in so far as it was an expression of the people's attitude toward a league or association of nations. Giving his attention first to the Republican vote, his finding is that though the Harding majority of seven millions was a decisive rejection of the supposed superstate features of Article Ten, which constituted in the main "those obligations" upon which Senator Harding said he would turn his back, the vote was cast very largely in expectation of our entry into the League of Nations with qualifying reservations.

He admits that there was in the minds of many Republican voters the idea of a possible substitute in a new association of nations, which, however, must of necessity have been indefinite and undecided since they had no means of knowing what Mr. Harding's idea of an association was.

He appeals to many impressive facts to sustain his contention that judged by all recognized standards of party opinion and party action, the Republican party stood committed in case of victory at the polls to some form of continuing league or association with other nations of the world, and that in this, the idea of the existing League of Nations amended or revised to meet American requirements, was far the most pronounced.

A partial list of facts to which he makes his appeal, with many other supporting facts may be stated in the following order:

Entry into the League in the event of Republican success was promised by the preeminent Republican leaders, by the three most popular candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination, joined by many more Republican leaders of large influence and more than one hundred and fifty important Republican newspapers. Senator Harding himself in every important campaign utterance pledged an association of nations or the League "amended or revised if it is so entwined in the peace of Europe that its good must be preserved." The party platform approved the action of the Republican Senators who voted to ratify the covenant with reservations and pledged "an international association based upon international justice so that the nations may exercise their influence and power for the prevention of war."

But more than to all else the author appeals to the consistent party record, to which he says the voter looks for guidance more than to platform expressions or leaders' promises. He finds that record to be nothing else than a nearly two years' insistence that we enter the League of Nations with the Lodge-McCumber compromise reservations. Appealing to the fact that the Republican voters themselves for nearly two years joined in that insistence, he asks:

"Is there any good reason to believe that what their leaders advised

*"The Great Deception," by Samuel Colcord. Boni and Liveright.

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and the platform and party record supported, and they themselves had for two years persistently urged, they repudiated on election day?"

After building up his case upon the foundation of Republican votes, he adds:

"But there are some six million votes we have not taken into the account. The voters for the Democratic candidate were also American citizens and must be counted in any fair arrival at the truth as to the mandate of the American people."

An interesting portion of his book is an appeal to the official figures to show that in almost every state where a legal Presidential primary was held, Hiram Johnson, though a great headliner and receiving all the pro-German and anti-British votes, was tremendously beaten by the combined votes for Wood, Lowden, and Hoover, all three of whom had publicly declared in favor of our entry into the League.

The "great deception" was the misleading of many minds as to the actual Republican sentiment and attitude by a rare combination of influences. Important among these misleading influences was the pro-German and anti-British demonstration against the League in every large Republican meeting. That completely camouflaged, and in many cases well organized, expression was alone sufficient to deceive both audiences and speakers. It would be no more than natural if even President Harding should be influenced by it.

—GEORGE GORDON BATTLE.

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*FOR THE LOVERS OF JEAN-CHRISTOPHE**

FOR passionate lovers of a great book, is it possible to disassociate the personality of the author from the personality of the character about whom the story is woven? Jean-Christophe, the man—is he not really Romain Rolland, the man—whose life the book "Jean Christophe" tells in allegory? No other story of the last half century has as deeply stirred life as it touches man's relation to his God and to his soul. Its great humanity, the depth of its simple, unadorned truth, has made it the most intimate and personal of books. It is as personal as religion. To those who have fallen under the spell of its artistry, it is—religion. Therefore it is not cause for wonder that to these, a biography of Romain Rolland should mean much.

Stefan Zweig—an Austrian, has been the first to write the life of the French author, who having triumphed gloriously after years of literary labor in the publication of "Jean-Christophe," sacrificed friends, fame, and fortune on the altar of idealism. It is consistent that this first biography of Rolland, the Frenchman, making its appearance so soon after a war wherein France and Germany, hating, cast themselves at each other in

*"Romain Rolland, the Man and His Work," by Stefan Zweig. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Thomas Seltzer.

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combat to the death, should be written in the German language by an Austrian. For it is the biography of the preacher of the gospel of the Brotherhood of Humanity, as opposed to the Brotherhood of Nationality.

Zweig's book has been translated into English by Eden and Cedar Paul. In return for its intimate portrayal of the life, work and struggle of Rolland, the friends of "Jean-Christophe" can readily forgive the rather disjointed way in which it is put together, and the edition's truly execrable sins of typography. For it is the story of Romain Rolland, the man who wrote "Jean Christophe"—whose ideals were strong enough to enable him to stand alone against the tide of passion and public feeling in beleagured France—who courageously voiced his plea for the love of humanity to a world that stoned him—who, exiled to Switzerland, unheeded, scorned, worked incessantly yet obscurely in The Red Cross—Rolland the pacifist, if you will, but ever the artist, who, on the destruction of Louvain, wrote a passionate entreaty for the reverence of art to the German author, Gerhart Hauptmann, crying to him in agony: "Are you the grandchildren of Goethe or of Attila?"—Rolland the idealist-stoic who could write:

"We require a century for the upbuilding of that which a day destroys —and the patient labor of reconstruction is our daily bread.—Life is a series of deaths and resurrections."

—HELEN WALKER.

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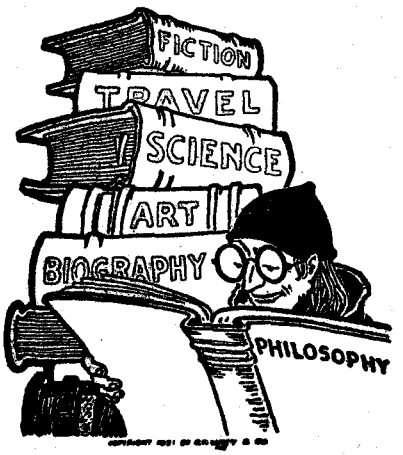

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